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ESCAPED PIECES;

Andrew Bann

COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL POEMS,

THE GREATER PART

BY THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS

OF THE

PRESENT AGE.

EDINBURGH:

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1797.



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THE INDEX

FUGITIVE PEICES.

ODE TO WAR.

Ἄρης Ἄρης, βροτολογεῖ, μαιφόνι, τυχεσιπλήτα!

ILIAD, V. 34.

THE distant gleam of burnish'd arms,
The dissonant uncouth alarms,
 Resounding from afar,
The drum's, the fife's, the trumpet's voice,
With fullen, shrill, vain-glorious noise,
 Announce th' approach of WAR.

Pride, pomp, and finery, in vain
Thy person deck, adorn thy train,
 To dazzle wond'ring eyes;
For, when attentively survey'd,
A monster thou in masquerade,
 They furies in disguise.

In vain a helmet, large and tight,
Attempts to shelter from the sight
 Thy brutal length of jaw;
Nor can thy fabre's basket-hilt,
Tho' ribbon-wreath'd, and double-gilt,
 Conceal the tiger-paw.

See DEATH, in crimson suit array'd,
 His scythe now shorten'd to a blade,
 Triumphant leads the van !
 PILLAGE, far finer than the rest !
 CUNNING, pontifically drest !
 They expeditions plan.

The spruce attire of those they lead,
 Their march to music o'er the mead,
 Is nothing but decoy ;
 In other sounds, in other sights,
 His savage ear and eye delights,
 Not military joy.

Pleas'd he beholds th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Strew'd with the mutilated slain ;
 Pleas'd, listens to the cry
 Of those, spar'd by the fatal lead,
 Who, tossing on Disease's bed,
 Complain they do not die.

Where was the foolish artist found,
 Thy brow who first with laurel bound ?
 And the first poet where,
 Who thy exploits rehears'd in song ?
 Where the first priest who durst prolong
 To MARS an impious pray'r ?

Offspring of Satan ! when thy fire,
 Urg'd by his unabating ire,
 Last let thee loose on man,
 With his hot hand he strok'd thy fur,
 And thus to his impatient cur,
 His exhortation ran :—

" Mankind, by Visionaries taught,
Bewilder'd from excess of thought,
Presumptuously complain ;
Perfection would to earth recal,
Be what they were before the Fall,
And Paradise regain :

" Compassion ev'n to brutes express,
Would make th' enormous burden less,
The bloody meal refrain ;
At least, if Nature has decreed
That they must prematurely bleed,
Would mitigate their pain.

" Amphibious elf ! in whom unite
The fox's guile and giant's might,
Thy various powers display ;
Now with resistless force destroy,
And now perfidiously decoy,
By land, by sea, thy prey.

" Demolish with the pond'rous ball
The city's strong and stately wall,
The buildings with the bomb ;
And, disregarding sex and age,
Render it, in thy storming rage,
A ruin and a tomb.

" Uproot the vine, the sugar-cane,
Devour the flocks, the fruits, the grain,
Which careful culture rears ;—
But be thy fav'rite dainty food
The youthful hero's gen'rous blood,
And quench thy thirst with tears.

" In quest of *Commerce* eager run,
Commerce, old Ocean's darling son,
Him hunt on every shore;
'Gainst him thy privateers let slip,
And, in thy line-of-battle ship,
The angry waves outroar.

" If some, abhorrent from the fight,
Should, or by artifice or flight,
Elude thee or fatigue,
Famine, assistant, shall attend,
The South his yellow plague shall lend,
In triple dreadful league.

" From her tribunal Justice chase,
Set PARTY-SPIRIT in her place
(His views with mine accord);
In rage he shall the balance break,
From his fierce eyes the bandage shake,
And only use the sword.

" Soon fonder of the guillotine,
Whate'er by thee unrep'd, shall glean
Extinguish'd Europe's race!
Save with contrition they implore
Their pitying God, and he once more
Command that havoc cease.

" But so implacable the hate,
That the repentance must be late;
Thou long with them shalt dwell
For years shalt gratify thy friends,
Men metamorphosing to fiends,
Earth to another hell."

The lesson ended, and away,
His curs'd instructions to obey,
 The tutor'd felon sped ;
Prefaging Earth, as he drew nigh,
Shook in convulsive agony,
 And Peace and Mercy fled—

—Fled to the blissful realms above,
Whence the Creator in his love,
 Commission'd them below ;
Return'd, for man they kindly plead.—
May their sweet eloquence succeed,
 At last, to quell the foe.

Far firmer than the Cretan's wings,
Which melted (so the Mantuan sings),
 Expos'd to solar heat ;
His waft him quickly to an isle, •
Where erst, when pausing from his toil,
 He wonted to retreat.

Such predilection not of yore,
To Paphos or Cythera bore
 The partial Queen of Love,
To Delos not Latona's son,
Nor so had wealthy Carthage won
 The sister-spouse of Jove.

Well to describe the waste and woe,
Wrought by the hell-directed foe,
 Herculean nerves must fail ;
My tongue would falter to recite, •
My trembling hand refuse to write,
 The shocking, shameful tale.

Ev'n if an effort for a while
 Could sensibility beguile,
 And but an outline trace,
 The tears I hardly could suspend,
 Would, overpow'ring ere the end,
 Th' unfinish'd sketch efface.

NOTES.

* *Agēs, &c.*] Stern Power of War! by whom the mighty fall;
 WHO BATHE IN BLOOD! and shake the lofty wall.

Frightful as is the Portrait exhibited in this translation by Mr. POPE, yet that great master of our language has not been able to find words of sufficient force and energy to express the full vigour of the description in the inimitable original.

EDITOR.

Ode to War.] The hint was taken from the following sentence in Mercier's "Mon bonnet de nuit," a book published more than twenty years ago: "Ah! disois je en moi meme, " quel sera l'homme qui depouillera ce geant de l'appareil qui " semble l'ennoblir, pour ne laisser voir que l'ogre hideux af- " famé de la chair des enfans, des foibles, des innocents, et " respirant avidement l'odeur du carnage et de la mort, à " travers l'espace des empires, et la vaste etendue du monde?" " Ah!" said I to myself, " who will be the man to strip this " giant of the ornaments which seem to give him an air of " grandeur, so as to leave exposed to the eye the hideous " cannibal monster, hungering after the flesh of the infant, " the weak, the innocent, and eagerly snuffing the smell of " carnage and death through the bounds of empires and vast " expanse of the earth?"

It is much to be wished that this author's countrymen would pay more regard to this sentence than they at present seem inclined to do.

The Cretan's wings,] ICARUS, whose wings were fastened to his side with wax. *Virg. Æneid. vi. Ovid. Metamorphb.*

Perfection would to earth recal,] Had circumstances permitted to take all the scope, which the subject required, this argument had not been introduced here. A difference of opinion, as to the *perfectibility* of man, seems to be the real source of the contest which at present desolates Europe, and threatens to go much farther, if not stopped by A REFORM OF STRIKING ABUSES every where, and a constant attention to prevent the renewal of them, THE ONLY METHOD; FORCE can at best do *but for a time*.

It were much for the real advantage of Kings, and the Ministers of Kings, to pursue this method, and, instead of supporting, to shake off the dead weight of *the few* who are interested to oppose it.

The question of perfectibility is arduous, complicated, and obscure. It deserves a chapter in prose, in which will be considered, the perfection-system of some modern philosophers, particularly that of Mr. GODWIN, who has far out-run his predecessors. He says (V. II. p. 822, 4to edition) that half an hour a day, seriously employed in manual labour, by every member of the community, would sufficiently supply the whole with necessaries; and that the intervals of agriculture "might suffice, in a simple state of society, for the fabrication of tools, for weaving, and the occupation of Tailors, Bakers, and Butchers."—Shambles and Perfection compatible! This suggestion may suffice of itself, to point out to every reader of reflection, the difficulty and hinge of the question, viz. Whe-

ther *evil* does not radically and unalterably enter into the system of this world? It ought also to banish, or at least abate, that personal animosity, on account of contrariety of sentiment, so unworthy of many of those who harbour it.

PEACE.

RETURN, sweet PEACE, and shed thy glories round,
 And spread thy fair wings o'er this troubled isle;
 No more let carnage stain the fruitful ground,
 And blood the works of Heaven's hand defile.

Shall discord drive the mild ey'd maid away,
 And faction strike thee with her iron hand?
 Shall havoc mock thee on the crimson'd way,
 Confusion reign, and ruin grinning stand?

Shall famine point its all-consuming sword,
 And misery reach the smiling cottage door?
 Shall nought remain to deck the frugal board,
 Or bless the humble offspring of the poor?

Shall the sad widow weep her loss in vain,
 The little orphan vainly ask for bread,
 Yet still shall strife and sanctioned murder reign,
 And scalding tears be still unheeded shed?

LENORA,

A CELEBRATED GERMAN BALLAD, FROM BURGER;

Admirably translated by the ingenious Mr. TAYLOR of Norwiche.

AT break of day, with frightful dreams

Lenora struggled fore :

"My William, art thou slaine, say'd she,

Or dost thou love no more ?

He went abroade with Richard's host,

The Paynim foes to quell :

But he no word to her had writt,

An he were sick or well.

With fowne of trump, and beat of drum,

His fellow-soldyers come ;

Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,

They seeke their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry roade and ev'ry lane

Was full of old and young,

To gaze at the rejoicing band,

To hail with gladsome tounge.

"Thank God!" their wives and children saide,

"Welcome!" the brides did saye :

But greete or kifs Lenora gave

To none upon that daye.

She askte of all the passing traine,

For him she wisht to see :

But none of all the passing traine

Could tell if lived hee.

And when the foldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven haire,
And cast herself upon the growne
In furious despaire.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped in her arme,
" My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
God shield thy life from harme !"

" O mother, mother ! William's gone !
What's all befyde to me ?
There is no mercy, sure, above !
All, all were spar'd but hee !"

" Knell downe, thy paternoster saye,
"Twill calm thy troubled spright :
The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good ;
What hee hath done is right."

" O mother, mother ! say not so ;
Most cruel is my fate :
I prayde, and prayde ; but watte awayl'd ?
"Tis now, alas ! too late."

" Our Hevenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suff'ring childe :
Go take the holy sacrament ;
So shall thy grief grow milde,"

" O mother, what I feel within,
No sacrament can staye ;
No sacrament can teche the dead
To bear the fight of daye."

" May be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And puts away his faith and troth,
And takes another love.

Then wherefore sorrow for his loss?
Thy moans are all in vain:
And when his soul and body parte,
His falsehood brings him paine."

" O mother, mother! gone is gone:
My hope is all forlorn;
The grave mine only safeguard is—
O, had I ne'er been borne!

Go out, go out, my lampe of life;
In grislie darkness die:
There is no mercye, sure, above!
For ever let me die."

" Almighty God! O do not judge
My poor unhappy childe;
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wilde.

My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and bliss;
For so, at least, shall not thy soule
Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

" O mother, mother! what is blisse,
And what the fiendis celle?
With him 'tis heaven any where,
Without my William, helle.

Go out, go out, my lamp of life;
In endless darknes die:
Without him I must loathe the earth,
Without him scorne the skye."

And so despaire did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins;
Against the Providence of Heaven
She hurld her impious strains.

She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,
And rolde her tearlesse eye,
From rise of morne, till the pale stars
Again did freeke the skye.

When harke! abroade she hearde the trampe
Of nimble-hoofed steed;
She hearde a knichte with clank alighte,
And climb the staire in speede.

And soon she herde a tinkling hande,
That twirled at the pin;
And through her door, that open'd not,
These words were breathed in.

"What ho! what ho! thy dore undoe;
Art watching or asleepe?
My love, dost yet remember mee,
And dost thou laugh or weep?"

"Ah! William here so late at night!
Oh! I have watchte and wak'd:
Whence dost thou come? For thy return
My herte has forely ak'd."

" At midnight only we may ride ;
I come o'er land and see :
I mounted late, but soone I go ;
Aryse, and come with me."

" O William, enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace :
The blasts athwarte the hawthorne hifs ;
Awayte a little space."

" The blasts,athwarte the hawthorne hifs,
I may not harbour here ;
My spurre is sharpe, my courser pawes,
My houre of flighte is nere.

All as thou lyeft upon thy couch,
Aryse, and mount behinde ;
To-night we'le ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to finde."

" How, ride to-night a thousand miles ?
Thy love thou dost bemocke :
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clocke."

" Looke up ; the moone is bright, and we
Outstride the earthlie men :
I'll take thee to the bridal bed,
And night shall end but then."

" And where is, then, thy house and home ;
And where thy bridal bed ?"
" 'Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark ;
Far hence I rest my head."

“ And is there any room for mee,
Wherein that I may creepe ?”
“ There’s room enough for thee and mee,
Wherein that we may sleepe.

All as thou ly’st upon thy couch,
Aryse, no longer stop ;
The wedding guests thy coming waite,
The chamber dore is ope.”

All in her farke, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung ;
And with her lily hands so pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-scurry forth they go,
Unheeding wet or dry ;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone !
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthlie sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede ;
Splash, splash, across the see ;
“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
Dost feare to ride with mee ?

The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte ;
Dost quake the blast to stem ?
Dost shudder, mayde, to seeke the dead ?”
“ No, no, but what of them ?”

How glumlie fownes yon dirgye song !

Night-ravens flappe the wing.

What knell doth flowlic toll ding-dong ?

The psalmes of death who sing ?

It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,

The corse is onn the beere ;

Like croke of todes from lonely moores,

The chaunte doth meet the eere."

" Go, bear her corse when midnight's past,

With song, and tear, and wayle ;

I've gott my wife, I take her home,

My howre of wedlocke hayl.

Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,

To swell our nuptial song :

Come, preaste, and reade the blessing soone ;

For bed, for bed, we long."

They heede his calle, and husht the fowne ;

The beere was seene no more ;

And followde him ore feeld and flood

Yet faster than before.

Halloo ! halloo ! away they goe,

Unheeding wet or drye ;

And horse and rider snort and blowe,

And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swifte the hill, how swifte the dale,

Aright, aleft, are gone !

By hedge and tree, by thrope and towne,

They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede ;
Splash, splash, across the see :
“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
Dost fear to ride with mee ?

Look up, look up, an airy crewe
In roundel daunces reele :
The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,
Mayst dimlie see them wheele.

Come to, come to, ye goftlie crew,
Come to, and follow mee,
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
When we in bed shall be.”

And brush, brush, brush, the goftlie crew
Come wheeling ore their heads,
All rustling like the wither'd leaves
That wyde the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo ! halloo ! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry ;
And horse and rider snort and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles flye.

And all that in the moonshyne lay,
Behynde them fled afar ;
And backwarde scudded overhead
The sky and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the lande they speede ;
Splash, splash, across the see :
“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
Dost fear to ride with mee ?

I weene the cock prepares to crowe ;
The sand will soone be runne :
I snuffe the earlye morning aire ;
Downe, downe ! our work is done.

The dead, the dead can ryde apace ;
Oure wed-bed here is fit :
Our race is ridde, our journey ore,
Oure endlesse union knit."

And lo ! an yren-grated gate
Soon biggens to their viewe :
He crackte his whyppe ; the clanginge boltes,
The doores afunder flewe.

They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode ;
" 'Tis hither we are bounde :"
And many a tombstone gostlie white
Lay inn the moonshyne round.

And when hee from his steede alytte,
His armour, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked scull ;
Nor haire nor eyne had hee :
His body grew a skeleton,
Whilome so blythe of blee.

And at his drye and boney heele
No spur was left to be ;
And inn his witherde hande you might
The scythe and houre-glasse see.

And lo ! his steede did thin to smoke,
 And charnel fires outbreathe ;
 And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite
 The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,
 And shrekes from vaults arose.
 Then knew the mayde she mighte no more
 Her living eyes inclose.

But onwarde to the judgment-seat,
 Thro' myste and moonlighte dreare,
 The gostlie crewe their flyghte persewe,
 And hollowe inn her eare :—

“ Be patient ; tho' thyne herte shoulde breke,
 Arrayne not Heven's decree ;
 Thou nowe art of thie bodie reft,
 Thie soule forgiven bee !”

THE CAVE OF VICE.

WHERE snows eternal crown'd the barren plains,
 And loud blasts whistled through the misty air,
 Where frosty Winter fix'd his stern domains,
 Where all inspired horror and despair ;

Where rattling rains incessantly did pour,
 Where craggy rocks o'erhung the wat'ry waye,
 Where foaming billows rush'd against the shore,
 The guilty Vices rais'd a gloomy Cave.

First, fierce Revenge, arm'd with a triple sword,
With fiery tresses dripping fast with gore,
Whilst horrid threats and curses from her pour'd,
Distends her bleeding jaws, and gapes for more.

And then base Treach'ry, with artful smile,
And ready dagger hid beneath his cloak,
Poor harmless wretches with his art beguiles,
And then remorseless strikes his bloody stroke.

There pining Envy, and the nightly Thief,
With bloody Murder, who on tiptoe steals;
And Discontent that pines in endless grief,
And brutal Drunkenness that onward reels.

And sick Intemperance that scarce can crawl,
And raging Malice that her sharp teeth grind,
And hated Mischief with a heart of gall,
And Indolence that slowly creeps behind.

Surrounded by such disciples as these,
Black gloomy Vice still holds her gloomy reign;
She sends them forth the heart of man to tease,
And rack their bosoms with a horrid pain.

ON FAME.

SAY, what is FAME?—A brilliant empty shade,
Like Vapours painted by the breath of Morn,
Which chill the Mountain's brow (in clouds array'd),
And starve the head their glitt'ring robes adorn.

Ah! what avails the slowly-moving Hearse,
 The Shrine that Eulogy is wont to raise,
 The splendid Tomb bedeck'd with fun'ral verse,
 The shout of millions, or the peal of praise?

O, what is FAME, enroll'd in Glory's page,
 Pursued with vigour, and with ardour fought,
 For which, in ev'ry clime and ev'ry age,
 The Poet labour'd and the Hero fought?—

'Tis oft a Bubble, that thro' æther flies,
 That sports a while, evaporates—and dies!

S O N N E T.

HOW imperfect is expression,
 Ardent passion to impart!
 When we mean a soft confession,
 Words but ill explain the heart.
 Yet, altho' so well perceiving
 What I cannot thus declare,
 View my eyes, and then, believing,
 Read what your's have written there.

Ah! if language well could render
 All for you that fills my mind,
 Love has nothing half so tender,
 Friendship nothing so refin'd.
 Absent from you, how I languish!
 Yet, when near, can nought unfold:—
 More I dare not tell my anguish;
 And, perhaps, have too much told.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN J. WOODLEY,

THE AUTHOR'S BROTHER,

Who perished in the Wreck of the LEDA Frigate, off Madeira,
on the 11th of December last.—The greatest part of the
unfortunate crew of the Leda were lost with the accom-
plished and gallant Officer who commanded her.

" Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew

" Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

" He must not float upon his wat'ry bier

" Unwept, and welter to the parching wind

" Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Milton's Lycidas

THE fateful scene is past ! the storm is o'er,
The sufferers now no more its blasts assail,
They sleep beneath the heaving billows roar,
While pale Rememb'rance shudders o'er the tale.

And shalt *thou* sleep—neglected and forgot,
Thou to my inmost soul in fondness twin'd !
Shall cold Oblivion be ARION's lot,
Shall he unmourn'd his oozy pillow find ?

Was it for this, that gallant, brave, and young,
He shone conspicuous in his Country's cause ;
That o'er his brow the wreaths of Valour hung,
And Envy's self could not withhold applause ?

Ah! what avail'd the Muse's watchful care
 To form to harmony his cultur'd mind,
 With ev'ry talent, ev'ry gift to rear,
 And brilliant wit to polish'd numbers join'd.

Heart-rending thought!—and can I bear to tell—
 In foreign climes he met an early grave;
 No fun'ral dirge was sung—untoll'd his knell—
 O'er his lov'd form was clos'd the briny wave.

No sympathizing Friends with anguish shar'd
 The last sad duties of the parting hour;
 No Sister's voice his drooping senses cheer'd,
 And breath'd soft Comfort's mitigative pow'r.

The struggling pangs of ebbing life are past—
 No hallow'd cypress consecrates his bier;
 While on the surging waves his corse is cast,
 The sea-fowl's wild note shrieks the requiem drear.

But he's at rest!—ARION feels no more,
 Tho' wint'ry tempests rend the troubled main;
 For *him* Life's vague, perplexing maze is o'er,
 And changeful Seasons roll their cares in vain.

But what can soothe a Parent's wasting grief,
 What opiate lull a Sister's heartfelt woes?
 No *trivial* lenitive *here* brings relief,
 No *common* balm the wounds of Friendship close.

One roof, one bosom nurs'd our early love,
 In Life's gay morn our joys were still the same;
 Time taught the rip'ning union to improve,
 And join'd the social and fraternal claim.

Dark is the scene beyond the silent Grave,
No cheering light directs the Wand'rer's way,
Yet *there*, if Love a ling'ring spark *can* save,
E'en there *we* still shall own its tender sway.

The sacred ties of Nature still shall bind,
Still shall *her* voice revive th' enumber'd fire;
Faithful in death, our hearts be still conjoin'd,
Nor e'en *with life* the hallow'd flame expire.

PARAPHRASE

OF

MR. GREY'S LATIN ODE,

WRITTEN AT THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

"*Ob tu severi religio loci,*" &c.

BY MR. MARSH.

Whoe'er thou art that rul'st with sway supreme
The lonely horrors of this wild retreat,
(For 'midst each hoary wood and fainted stream,
No common God has fix'd his chosen seat);

Tho' to thy name no stately pile aspires,
Within whose womb the polish'd marble shines;
No holy vestals watch immortal fires,
No sacred treasures gild the splendid shrines;

While o'er the rough rocks, rude cliffs, and savage hills,
With sacred dread the sounding footstep moves,
Who does not know, no vulgar influence fills
This wild of waters, and this gloom of groves?

Oh! how invoc'd, for this thy suppliant prays,
 That here his wearied youth may gently grow;
 That these blest shades may screen his future days,
 Alike from human life and human woe.

But should imperious fate the boon deny,
 The only boon the ling'ring pilgrim craves,
 Should fortune doom him still again to try
 The storms that brood amidst her boist'rous waves;

Oh, grant him, Genius, in your silent bow'rs,
 Far from each hated toil, each vulgar strife,
 In solitude to wear his later hours,
 And glide unconscious down the tide of life.

THE PLUNDERED BOY.

Young CUPID, on a musk-rose bed,
 His little dapper body flung;
 While pendant o'er his curly head,
 On jess'mine bough his quiver hung:

Young JESSY, fresher than the May,
 And purer than the mountain snow,
 Approach'd the Godhead where he lay,
 And from the branches snatch'd his bow.

The sleeping Boy, with feather'd dart,
 She tickled light on ruddy cheek;
 ' You wound,' said she, ' my little heart;
 ' When?—you disabled urchin—speak!'

- ‘ When ?—cry’d the blushing boy, alarm’d !
 ‘ Ah ! when indeed—alas ! or how !—
 ‘ What ! laugh you too at love disarm’d ?
 ‘ Why then, exulting damsel—now !

 ‘ A bow—see here ! from myrtle lopp’d ;
 ‘ A quiver from my wing afford ;
 ‘ And lo ! your garter, newly dropp’d,
 ‘ I feize on for a filken cord :—

 ‘ And yet that breast, so soft and fair,
 ‘ To torture, JESSY, were a sin :
 ‘ But plunder’d—challeng’d—have a care,
 ‘ Twang !—pretty maiden—is it in ?

 ‘ In ? in ?—‘ Yes ! yes ! unerring boy,
 ‘ And prithee let it there remain ;
 ‘ I wou’d not loose the *painful joy* ;
 ‘ Oh no !—nor yet the *pleasing pain*.
-

BUXTON WELLS.

In Buxton Wells the Body’s pain
 Haply some transient ease may find ;
 But Lethe, sweet Oblivion’s stream,
 Can only heal the wounded mind.

ELEGY TO A RED-BREAST.

BY MR. MARSH.

*Interea, dum fata sinunt, jungamus amores,
Jam veniet tenebris mors adoperta caput.*

TIBUL. EL. l. i.

SWEET Bird! that cheereſt with thy ſimple ſong
The ſilent glooms of Winter's dreary reign;
Ah! yet awhile that pretty note prolong,
Perchance my Delia liſtens to thy ſtrain.

And let it ſteal into that gentle breaſt,
Thy little ſtrains that gentle breaſt will move;
Dear is the Bird, that ſings of Pity beſt
To her who only is a foe to Love.

Then ſing, how ſoon the vernal beauties fade,
By-ruthleſs ſtorms their rip'ning bloſſoms torn;
In vain ſhe wooes, amid the gathering ſhade,
The gales of Evening, or the dews of Morn:

How Life's ſtern winter like the winds ſhall rage,
Like them will riot on her roſy charms;
Then bid her, if ſhe fears the blaſts of Age,
To ſeek a ſhelter in her Lover's arms.

So ſhall repeated gifts of fruits and flowers
Reward the ſervice of thy tuneful tongue;
My pious care ſhall watch thy wintry hours,
My Delia's fondneſs guard thy callow young

So shall thy simple warblings charm the grove,
For Venus' self her guardian aid shall lend,
And the sweet Bird, whose carols favour'd Love,
In grateful Love shall ever find a friend,

Then tell hêr, that her true love ne'er shall fail,
Till mute his tongue, in death his bosom cold;
Thy song perchance may speak a tenderer tale,
But ah! a truer never yet was told.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

O, share my Cottage, dearest Maid!—
Beneath a mountain, wild and high,
It nestles, in a silent glade,
And Wye's clear currents wander by.

Each tender care, each honest art
Shall chase all future want from thee,
When thy sweet lips consent impart
To climb these steepy hills with me.

Far from the City's vain parade,
No scornful brow shall there be seen;
No dull Impertinence invade,
Nor Envy base, nor sullen Spleen,

The shadowy rocks which circle round
From storms shall guard our sylvan cell;
And there shall ev'ry joy be found
That loves in peaceful vales to dwell.

When late the tardy sun shall peer,
And faintly gild yon little spire;
When nights are long, and frosts severe,
And our clean hearth is bright with fire,

Sweet tales to read—sweet songs to sing!—
O, they shall drown the wind and rain,
E'en till the soften'd season bring
Merry spring-time back again!

Then hawthorns, flow'ring in the glen,
Shall guard the warbling plumy throng;
Nor boast the busy haunts of men
So fair a scene, so sweet a song.

Thy arms the new-yeand lamb will shield,
And to the sunny shelter bear;
While o'er the rough and breathing field
My hands impel the gleaming share.

Ne'er doubt our wheaten ears will rise,
And full their yellow harvest glow;
Then prove, with me, the sprightly joys
That Love and Industry bestow.

Their jocund power can banish strife,
Her clouds no passing day will see,
Since all the leisure hours of life
Shall still be spent in pleasing thee.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

BY THE REV. JOHN BIDLAKE, OF PLYMOUTH.

CHILD of the wintry hour! ah! doom'd to trust
Thy tender beauties to inclement skies!

First off'ring of the year,
And harbinger of Spring!
Cradl'd in friendly greens, how pensive droops
Thy nodding head! while in thy bashful eye,
As mournful of thy fate,
Hangs sad a pearly tear.

Companion of Adversity! like thee,
To dangers rough consign'd, the new-dropt Lamb,
With unstain'd fleece and soft,
Presses thy verdant bank.
Alas! in this bad world, nor Innocence
Secures from biting Slander's pois'nous tooth,
Nor Gentleness itself,
Her virgin-sister meek.

The temper mild, that knows not how to frown,
Nor of harsh rule the sceptre how to wield,
Is form'd to sink before
The boist'rous Passions' rage.
Alas! like thee, poor injur'd Flavia bloom'd,
The sweetest bud of unsuspecting Youth!
Like thee, all purity,
Like thee, to storms consign'd.

But ah! she felt the rude unpitying breath
 Of Malice, keener than the wintry winds;
 And shrunk beneath the blast,
 That never, never spares.

Poor early victim of its pow'r, she sunk
 Pitied, believ'd, and mourn'd, alas! too late;
 Chill'd by the icy touch
 And early foot of Death.

Oft' as thy chaste, thy unassuming face
 Shall deck the morning of the nascent year,
 This wounded breast shall heave
 With pangs of cureless grief,
 When painful Mem'ry tells how soon she fell,
 And hapless pass'd, like thee, fair spotless Flow'r!
 Her little life, forlorn,
 Amid the wilds of Fate.

ADDRESS OT THE DEITY.

BY LOENZO DE MEDICI.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ROSCOE.

All Nature hear the sacred song!
 Attend, O Earth! the solemn strain:
 Ye whirlwinds wild that sweep along!
 Ye darkening storms of beating rain!
 Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear,
 And solitary desarts, hear!
 Be still, ye winds! whilst to the Maker's praise
 The creature of his power aspires his voice to raise

O! may the solemn breathing sound,
Like incense, rise before the throne,
When he, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things! dwells alone.
'Tis he I sing, whose powerful hand
Balanc'd the skies, outspread the land;
Who spoke—from Ocean's stores sweet waters came,
And burst resplendent forth the heaven-aspiring flame.

One general song of praise arise
To him, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthron'd beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.
Great Source of intellect! his ear
Benign receives our vows sincere.

Rise then my active powers, your task fulfil,
And give to him your praise, responsive to my will.

Partaker of that living stream
Of light, that pours an endless blaze,
O! let thy strong reflected beam,
My understanding, speak his praise;
My soul, in steadfast love secure,
Praise him whose word is ever sure:

To him, sole just, my sense of right incline,
Join every prostrate limb, my ardent spirit, join!

Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good! give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him, only true.
To him my ev'ry thought ascend;
To him my hopes, my wishes, bend.

From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns arise,
And his own word convey the pious sacrifice.

In ardent adoration join'd,
 Obedient to thy holy will,
 Let all my faculties combin'd,
 Thy just desire, O God ! fulfil.
 From thee deriv'd, Eternal King !
 To thee our noblest powers we bring ;
 O ! may thy hand direct our wand'ring way,
 O ! bid thy light arise, and chase the clouds away.
 Eternal Spirit ! whose command
 Light, life, and being, gave to all ;
 O ! hear the creature of thy hand,
 Man, constant on thy goodness, call.
 By fire, by water, air, and earth,
 That soul to thee that owes its birth ;
 By these, he supplicates thy blest repose,
 Absent from thee, no rest his wandering spirit knows.

ON READING THE VOTE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
 PASSED MARCH 15. 1796.

Did then the bold Slave rear at last the sword
 Of vengeance ? drench'd he deep its thirsty blade
 In the foul bosom of his tyrant Lord ?
 Oh ! who can blame him ? thro' the midnight shade
 Still on his tortur'd memory rush'd the thought
 Of every past delight—his native grove,
 Friendship's best joys, and Liberty and Love :
 All lost—for ever ! then Rememb'rance wrought
 His soul to madness : round his restless bed,
 Freedom's pale spectre stalked—with a stern smile
 Pointing the wounds of Slavery, the while
 She shook her clanking chains, and hung her head.

No more he pours to Heaven his suppliant breath;
But sweetens with revenge the draught of death.

ADDRESS TO THE POWERS AT WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ODE TO WAR."

*Quid miseros toties in aperta pericula civis
Projicit, o Latio caput horum et causa malorum?*
Nulla salus bello: PACEM TE POSCIMUS OMNES.
VIRG. ÆN. XI. 360.

While yet some vigour in my veins,
Ere Age, that gradual on me gains,
Unwelcome gifts bestow,
The treble voice, the palsi'd hand,
The limbs that totter as they stand,
And locks that mimic snow,

Though under skies oft overcast,
Where reigns the East's rheumatic blast,
And floods untimely fall,
By Indignation's zeal inspir'd,
And by the noble subject fir'd
To WARRING POW'RS I call;

The Muse's melody invoke,
To sing what millions long have spoke,
Its energy increase—
But unassisted, all alone,
Not less undaunted were my tone,
As advocate for PEACE.

TRUTH, so far like her rival FAME,
At first a tiny, timid Dame,
With puny pace proceeds;
Oft under ERROR's blows she smarts,
Oft pierc'd by PERSECUTION's darts,
She falls, she faints, she bleeds;

Till TIME, her slow but stedfast friend,
With wings and scythe, come to defend
From overpow'ring foes.
By him supported in her course,
At every step she gathers force,
And to a GODDESS grows,

Stronger in voice, tho' sweeter far,
Than the hoarse bellowing GOD OF WAR,
In front she matches JOVE,
MINERVA in the eagle-eye,
In beauty may with VENUS vie,
In comeliness with LOVE.

Then PREJUDICE, DECEPTION then,
Are hunted from the haunts of men,
To dark oblivion hurl'd;
Victorious every where she flies,
Bids Justice reign, bids Merit rise,
Illumes and rules the world.

Should those who guide my Country's pow'r,
Disdainful on these stanzas low'r,
The proffer'd counsel spurn;
Proud, from a sense of rectitude,
My object universal good,
I the contempt return.

Propitious rather let them hear,
Impartiality revere,
The peaceful project weigh;
Nor fear I mean to shake the State,
Or that the unruly Democate
Can profit by the lay.

* * * *

O ye ! who countless legions bring
To fields where renovated Spring
In early bloom is found,
Before the battle's signal giv'n,
Survey a while the face of Heav'n,
And yet unbloody ground :—

Averted, do not seek to shun
The sight of that ascending Sun,
But on him fondly gaze ;
With godlike grandeur see him rise,
What splendour in the kindling skies !
What glory in his rays !

The heathen uninstructed crowd
To him idolatrously bow'd,
Or FIRE for him ador'd ;
No wonder they who felt his course,
Was both of light and food the source,
Mistook him for HIS LORD.

Unwearied he from clime to clime,
The great chronologer of time,
Pursues his arduous way ;
And tho' the unthinking nothing hear,
Thus, to the philosophic ear,
Exclaims the STAR of DAY :—

“ He who from Chaos fashion'd Earth,
And bowl'd her, when he gave her birth,
'Mongst planetary spheres,
Meant (all his attributes proclaim)
A happy, favour'd orb to frame,
And not a vale of tears.

“ But Priestcraft, and Oppression's rod,
Combine to thwart the will of God;
Ambition too conspires;
And while they rule in purple robe,
From the dup'd, desolated globe,
Felicity retires.”

Must his perverted influence,
'Thirst, fever, and fatigue dispense
To that embattel'd plain :
So that innoxious but the beam,
That serves to make the weapon gleam,
Or putrify the slain.

Observe how in the sheltering grove
Enamour'd songsters warble love,
How flow'rs to Zephyr wave;
The foldier's dirge mean those to chaunt?
These did the hand of Nature plant
To grace his wretched grave ?

The offspring of the lowing race
No more with awkward, frolic pace,
Accompanies his dam;
No more the feeling eye delights
That pleasantest of rural fights,
The kneeling, sucking lamb :

They and their parents from the green,
To store the nauseous magazine,
Robb'd of a happy life;
The young, the middle-ag'd, the old,
All bought with the contractor's gold,
That whets the butcher's knife.

The noblest animal, the horse,
Fit for the carriage or the course,
Compell'd his field to quit,
To drag along, with panting breath,
The heavy ministers of death,
Reluctant, must submit;

Or, by the cavalier bestrode,
And, catching spirit from his load,
From harmless, warlike grown;
Behold him paw, and fretful prance,
Keen 'gainst his fellows to advance,
With fury not his own.

BUT chiefly view that iron scene,
Where thick battalions hide the green,
With tactic art arrang'd;
To be, when hissing bullets smite,
Or close the crisis of the fight,
How lamentably chang'd!

From the recruits, a motley band,
The nice discriminating hand,
Cull'd stature, health, and force;
These to devouring War consign'd,
And left disease and age behind,
For reproduction's source.

Selection, fatal to the race,
 That must degenerate apace,
 In time may wholly fail;
 Perspective that my soul delights—
 —For, tyrant-man extinct, the rights
 Of our rag'd brutes prevail.

Uncurs'd with reason or with pride,
 Instinct, their never erring guide,
They Nature's laws fulfill;
He, by factitious passions fir'd,
 Employs the talents she inspir'd,
 To counteract her will:

Assists destruction, stifles birth,
 Dispeoples and disfigures earth,
 His wants like Hydra rise;
 Their cravings constantly torment,
 He passes life in discontent,
 And yet unwilling dies.

Electric strife in high abodes,
 When from collision it explodes,
 Conducted by no skill,
 Oft humbles with a random stroke,
 The tow'ring spire, or giant-bak,
 But seldom stoops to kill.

Its chymic imitator, art,
 Can with precise direction dart,
 Its bolts at pleasure shape;
 Alike the brave and coward fall,
 The distant slaughter'd by the ball,
 The nearer by the grape.

Yet these tremendous tubes of brass,
The slender instruments surpass,
Which weakest shoulders rear;
By each is double mischief done,
It fires, presented, as a gun,
Push'd, pierces as a spear.

GAUL ! you first taught the graphic art
Quick information to impart,
The human bird to soar,
Dare, in the gas-inflated orb,
The sleeping thunder to disturb,
And wond'ring clouds explore.

Sublime discoveries, that claim
The plaudits of approving Fame,
But never can atone,
For the insatiate Guillotine,
Or War's most murderous machine,
The weapon of Bayonne.

They, whom their destiny has led,
To die on Honour's crimson-bed,
No trifling boon obtain;
If stopp'd at once some vital part,
If the big bullet burst the heart,
Or dissipate the brain.

For they, extended on the ground,
Struck by an undecisive wound,
Must lingering agonize;
From their torn veins life's currents pour,
Faint, thirsty, succour they implore,
With disregarded cries.

Distracted in the furious fray,
Contending for the doubtful day,
And all compassion fled,
Ev'n their companions pass them by,
And crowds that or pursue or fly,
Unheeding on them tread.

Not so the kind sagacious steed,
His eye marks where the wounded bleed
(To Man severe reproof),
His step he regulates with care,
That to the prostrate he may spare
The pressure of his hoof.

While thus encountering hosts engage,
And all Bellona's terrors rage,
Death claps his sable wings,
Exulting hovers o'er the plain;
And, careless who the battle gain,
He *his te deum* sings.

Ye continental Kings! beware;
The deep and dubious game forbear,
The fateful feud compose;
Think what the issue, if you fail,
And balance in an equal scale
Your forces and your foes:

Say which from principle enroll'd,
And which seduc'd by crimps, or gold?
The candid answer make,
Your troops, by that criterion try'd,
War, as the question you decide,
Continue or forsake.

The enthusiast nation, right or wrong,
 Is supernaturally strong,
 By no defeat dismay'd,
 Superior strength and skill it braves,
 Unless its force by fools or knaves
 Mismanag'd, or betray'd.

TRUTH *so far like her rival FAME,*] See the celebrated
 description of her in Virgil, *Æneid* IV. 174.

*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo,
 Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras,
 Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.*

FRIENDSHIP.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

FRIENDSHIP is the joy of Reason,
 No less dear than that of Love!
 LOVE but lasts a fleeting season!
 FRIENDSHIP, like the bliss above!

Who would lose the secret pleasure,
 Felt, when soul with soul unites?
 Other blessings have their measure,
 FRIENDSHIP without bound delights!

HUMANITY'S POWER.

How delightful the season of May,
When zephyrs come smiling along!
The meadows how cheerful and gay!
How sweet is the nightingale's song!
The groves fragrant odours exhale,
When refresh'd by the still-dropping shower;
And sweet is the eglantine gale,
But sweeter Humanity's power.

When Summer, refulgent array'd,
Darts fiercely his vertical beam,
How welcome the tremulous shade!
How refreshing the crystalline stream!
The breezes soft transports bestow,
As they glide o'er the jessamine bower,
But more grateful the pleasures which flow
From gentle Humanity's power.

What can charm like fair Autumn's mild ray,
When the fields their rich treasures resign?
Or what greater beauty display
Than the smooth polish'd fruit of the vine!
Is there aught like the morning can please?
Or the smile of the sun-setting hour?
Yes, far more engaging than these
Are the beams of Humanity's power.

More mild than the calm vernal scene,
More grateful than Summer retreats,
More engaging than Autumn serene,
When Nature her promise completes,

More gentle than zephyr's soft wind.
 And more sweet than the jessamin's flower,
 Are the joys of the tranquiliz'd mind
 Which glows with Humanity's power.

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

A S O N G.

In a cottage I live, and the cot of content,
 As its roof, neither lofty nor low,
 May boast that 'tis blest'd, like a patriarch's tent,
 With all the kind gods can bestow.
 'Tis a station which yields me a spring of delight,
 Which lordlings may envy to see;
 And a king might behold it, and say, "does this wight
 A blessing possess more than me?"

My tenement stands on the brow of a hill,
 Where on mammon and pride I look down:
 While the cuckoo's note, join'd with the clack of the mill,
 I prefer to the clack of the town.
 Of my house I'm the sovereign, my wife is my queen,
 And she rules while she seeks to obey:—
 Thus the autumn of life, like the spring-tide serene,
 Makes December as cheerful as May.

I lie down with the lamb, and I rise with the lark,
 Health, spirits, and vigour to share;
 For I feel on my pillow no thorns in the dark,
 Which the deeds of the day planted there;

Yet let not the egotist boast of his bliss,
 Nor to self be life's comfort confin'd,
 As he certainly merits all blessings to miss,
 Who has no social impulse of mind.
 For my friend I've a board, I've a bottle and bed,
 And more welcome that friend if he's poor;
 Nor shall he who looks up for a slice of my bread,
 Though a stranger, be shut from my door.

No servant I flint, nor put key on my cock,
 To save a poor horn of small beer;
 Nor butt'ry, nor pantry disgrac'd with a lock,
 Shall proclaim that all old Gripe-all starves here;
 For the miser on bolts and on bars may depend,
 To keep thieves and robbers at bay,
 But domestic attachment my house shall defend,
 From freebooters by night and by day.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A SONNET.

What form tremendous, bursting from a cloud,
 Presents itself to my distemper'd view?
 My terror stricken mind, tho' once so proud,
 Shrinks from the sight, nor dares its hopes renew.

For clad in all his terrors, well I know
 The gloomy fiend, fell Disappointment's lout,
 His pale face haggard with successive woe—
 I feel, I feel, his soul distressing power.

Fond visionary Hope I long carest,
 Pleas'd with her bright deceptive meteor fires;
 Yet she who oft has warm'd my youthful breast,
 At his abhorr'd approach reluctantly retires;
 Leaves me alone the weight of life to bear,
 A prey to Disappointment and Despair.

STANZAS ON A WITHERED LEAF,

WHICH WAS BLOWN INTO THE BOSOM OF THE AUTHOR.

PALE, wither'd wand'rer, seek not here
 A refuge from the boist'rous sky:—
 This breast affords no happier cheer
 Than the rude blighting breeze you fly.

Cold is the atmosphere of grief,
 When storms assail the heaving breast:
 Go, then, poor exile, seek relief
 In bosoms where the heart has rest;

Or fall upon th' oblivious ground
 Where silent sorrows buried lie:
 There rest is surely to be found—
 Or what, alas, to hope have I!

Where, sepulch'red in peace, repose,
 In yonder field, the village dead:
 Go, seek a shelter among those
 Who all their mortal tears have shed.

But, if thou com'st a *Sybil's leaf*,
 Such as did erst high truths declare,
 To tell me—"Soon shall end my grief;"
 I bless the omen that you bear;

For, sure thou tell'st me, that *my woe*
 An end like *thine*, at length shall have;
 That, worn like thee, and wasted so,
 I sink into the peaceful grave!

Then come, thou messenger of peace;
 Come, lodge within this troubled breast,
 And lie there—'till we both shall cease
 To seek in vain for Nature's rest.

THE SEA-SIDE SONNET.

BY MR. PRATT.

On the brink of the beach, as I silently roam'd,
 My sorrows I mark'd on the wave-softened sand,
 Loud blew the wild winds, and the white billows foam'd,
 And threw the salt fleeces of surf on the strand.

East flow'd in the tide, yet regardless I stood,
 And felt the white billows advance to my feet,
 The sand-marks of sorrow were lost in the flood,
 And the spray of the storm on my bare bosom beat.

In the story of woe not a thought could I trace,
 Not the wreck of a word, and I said to the sea,
 "Ah, if thus you the story of woe can efface,
 "Your bounty might sure be extended to me.

" If e'er I remain on thy billow-beat shore,
 " No friend near at hand, in false pity to save,
 " My woes, like their story, would quickly be o'er,
 " And both owe to thee, foaming Ocean, a grave."

The billows roll'd on, when something within,
 More strong than the Ocean thus seem'd to reply,
 " Man no murder shall do; e'en in sorrow 'tis sin;"
 I felt the command and obey'd with a sigh.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

BY GEORGE DYER.

TOOKE, though I boast no laureat skill,
 And court no patron of my song,
 Yet gen'rous passions thro' my bosom thrill,
 And FREE my numbers roll along.
 No more in peaceful vales or list'ning groves,
 I sing, in rural ease, the rosy Loves,
 Or, captive of some warbling fair,
 Pour the sad sonnet or the tender air.
 Now FANCY takes her vision'd flight,
 And climbs some mountain's ruder height,
 Where whilom MODRED wak'd th' impassion'd strains—
 Where in wild state young INDEPENDENCE reigns—
 Or whence CARACTACUS, from haughty brow,
 Shook proud defiance on the foe;
 There FANCY roves, unseen the busy things
 That flutter round the ear of self-admiring KINGS!

And now enwrap in wilder trance,
 Darts she wide the piercing ken,
 And views Corruption's bloated form advance,
 Then hastens to her wizard den.
 Thus Britons soon shall see the hag retire,
 And her vile brood of creeping lusts expire.
 Though still around unholy dews
 Through fairest regions she diffuse,
 Lo! Truth emits her orient ray,
 And struggles into glorious day.
 Quick, quick, shall glide the circling years around,
 And Freedom's triumphs through the world resound:
 Honour shall lead along a blameless train,
 And Justice hold her golden reign.
 There are who conquering gain no true renown,
 And some, who vanquish'd now, may claim the Patriot's
 crown.

THE FORTIETH ODE OF ANACREON

IMITATED.

As Cupid one day braided posies,
 Beauty's tresses to adorn,
 A Bee conceal'd among the roses
 Pierc'd his finger like a thorn.
 The little urchin in a passion
 To his Goddess-mother ran,
 And, half-choak'd with indignation,
 Deeply sobbing, thus began:
 "A winged serpent, small and ugly,
 "Which the shepherds call a bee,
 "Feasting in a rose-bud snugly,
 "With his sting has poison'd me.

" See with torture how I languish !

" See how swollen are mine eyes !

" Quickly, mother, heal my anguish,

" Or thy fav'rite Cupid dies."

Venus, on the stripling smiling,

Gently raising up his head,

(Kisses sweet the pain beguiling)

Tapp'd his cheek, and archly said :

" Learn a lesson, little rover,

" From this agonizing smart :

" Learn to pity the poor lover,

" Wounded by thy venom'd dart ;

" When your idle pranks to shelter,

" 'Mid LOUISA's smiles you lie,

" And shoot your arrows helter-skelter, .

" Tipt with light'ning from her eye."

ROYALTY IN DISTRESS.

O TAKE me, SCOTIA, to thy arms,

Thy friendly arms, O stretch to me ;

My native land hath lost her charms,

From Gallia's shore I come to thee :

From Gallia's once dear sprightly shore,

I fly to thee, her ancient friend :

Ah ! open the hospitable door ;

Wilt thou a royal head defend ?

The purple stream and delug'd plains,
So late the terror of my eyes,
My wounded breast the shock retains,
And ev'ry hope of pleasure dies .
Can Scotia hear my mournful tale,
And Scotia not afford relief ?
Ah ! let the sound of woe prevail,
With pity sooth my rooted grief.
A brother's blood, still reeking, fills
A brother's soul with dark dismay ;
Ah, dread ! dread thoughts my bosom chills,
And wastes to death my living clay,
Scarce doth the bliss of sleep repel,
For one short hour, the source of woe :
O sweet repose ! how sweet thy spell,
To them who racking anguish know.
Hard is my fate, though yet I live ;
Heart-rending grief, heart-gnawing pain
Is all the joys that life can give,
Is all the bliss from life I gain.
Why to a crown so near allied ?
Why to high titles was I born ?
In humbler life I might have joy'd,
Nor e'er been from my country torn.
Ah ! canst thou, Scotia, e'er deny
A struggling Prince protection's roof ?
Ah ! canst thou shut soft Pity's eye,
Or from my sorrows stand aloof ?
Can Scotia hear my mournful tale,
And Scotia not afford relief ?
Ah ! let the sound of woe prevail,
With pity sooth my rooted grief.

Old Scotia hears thee, hears thee cry,
Nor shuts on thee soft Pity's ear ;
She bids thee dry up Sorrow's eye,
Nor shed again the burning tear :
Come to our land, where Peace abounds,
Where dire Oppression dreads to dwell,
Where Justice goes her awful rounds,
As death-doomed mortals oft can tell.

THE BRITISH SUBJECTS TO THE BRITISH KING.

AN ADDRESS FOR PEACE.

Can GEORGE, our KING, refuse to hear
His FAITHFUL SUBJECTS plaintive call ?
Ah ! canst thou, Sire, refuse a tear,
WHEN THOUSAND OF THY PEOPLE FALL !

Our souls are harrow'd up with grief,
Grim horror stalks before our view,
Can George, our king, with-hold relief ?
We only claim Affection's due.

We come not as a howling mob,
With bellowing shout, to force our aim ;
'This would from thee glory rob,
And check the progress of thy fame.

Ours be the mild, the gentle way,
'To supplicate a gracious King ;
'To crave again the cheering ray
That sweet returning Peace must bring.

Look through this widow'd land, O King !
And mark the moving scenes around :—
Contemplate then the shocking spring
From whence so many ills redound.

OUR CHILDREN AND OUR FATHERS DIE !
Sad victims to the monster WAR ;
OUR WIDOWS AND OUR ORPHANS CRY !
And Echo wafts the sound afar.

O mighty George ! alluage the flood
'That sweeps thy fellow mortals down ;
Dry up the crimson tide of blood ;
THIS will enrich thy rubied crown.

'Tis not a coward dread of war,
Us prostrates thus before thy throne ;
Invading armies from afar
Shall 'neath our ready weapons groan.

Let not our suit presumptive seem.—
All humble, as the earth, we lie ;
Our woes are more than fright'ning dream ;
O view us with a tender eye.

Ask but the feelings of thy heart,
Our fondest hopes are center'd there ;
'That bliss, which blessing doth impart,
O King ! awaits thy virtues rare.

Dispel the gloomy cloud of war,
And hasten back the peaceful gleam ;
Then, yonder bright, yon purest star,
Shall *twinkling* to THY LUSTRE seem.

ALL BRITAIN CALLS FOR HEAVENLY PEACE.—

Unto a gen'rous King we cry ;
O say, *when* hellish war shall cease,
Thou mighty prop. of majesty.

O George ! would'st thou attract our love ?
Then grant our humble boon, we pray ;
'This will our faithful bosoms move
A grateful rapture to display.

Then shall we sing, " Let trumpets sound,
'To celebrate great GEORGE's fame !"
Great Britain's isle shall loud resound
The praises of thy honour'd name.

SONNET.

THE WATCH TOWER.

WHEN darkness o'er the pathless main appears,
And winds blow hollow in the ear of night,
When the poor sailor ev'ry moment hears
Sounds of distress, and shrieks of wild affright,
Then Pilots sigh, and trust their fate to guide
The labouring vessel o'er the faithless tide.

But if the distant Watch Tow'r's ling'ring light
Darts thro' the gloom, and cheers the starless night,
Life beams afresh, and ev'ry shatter'd sail,
Close reef'd, with glee is hoisted to the gale.

Hail tow'ring light ! atros the wat'ry way,
Extend thy ever faithful trembling ray,
Heed not the tempest's rage, but, bright in air
Shine as a star, to mitigate despair.

ON THE DEATH OF A BRITISH OFFICER,

MORTALLY WOUNDED ON THE 8TH OF JANUARY, 1795,
IN AN ACTION WITH THE FRENCH ON THE BANKS OF
THE WAAL.

SCARCE hush'd the sigh, scarce dried the ling'ring tear
Affection pour'd upon a Brother's * bier;
Another loss bid LAURA's sorrows flow,
As keen in anguish as a Sister's woe.
Unknown by me the object of her grief,
I dare not counsel, did she ask relief;
Yet, may the wish no vain intrusion prove,
'To share her grief, for all who shar'd her love.

Yes, gallant Victim! in this hateful strife,
Which PRIDE maintains 'gainst MAN's and FREEDOM's life,
If, quick and sensible to LAURA's worth,
'Thy heart's first comment was Affection's birth;
If thy soul's day rose only in her fight,
And absence was thy clouded spirit's night;
If, mid whatever busy tumults thrown,
'Thy silent thought still turn'd to her alone;
If, while AMBITION seem'd each act to move,
'Thy secret hope was LAURA, PEACE, and LOVE;
If such thy feelings and thy dying pray'r,
'To wish the happiness you could not share;
Let me with kindred claim thy name revere—
And give thy memory a Brother's tear!

* Captain NEWTON OGLE, Aid-de-Camp to Sir CHARLES GREY. He perished in the West Indies—the pride of his family, and delight of all who knew him.

But, ah, not tears alone fill LAURA's eyes!—
RESENTMENT kindles with AFFLICTION's sighs;
Insulted PATIENCE borrows PASSION's breath—
To curse the plotters of these scenes of death!
Yet, sooth'd to peace, sweet mourner, tranquil be,
And ev'ry harsh emotion yield to me!
Remembrance sad, and sweet Regret be thine—
The WRATH OF HATE, THE BLOW OF VENGEANCE MINE.

And, oh, by Heav'n, the hour shall surely come,
When, fell destroyers, ye shall meet your doom!
Yes, miscreant statesmen, by the proud disdain
Which HONOUR feels at base CORRUPTION's REIGN—
By the loud clamour of a NATION's Woes—
By the still pang DOMESTIC SORROW knows—
By all that HOPE has lost, or Terror fears—
By ENGLAND's injuries, and LAURA's tears,
The hour shall come, when, FRAUD's short triumph past,
A PEOPLE's VENGEANCE shall strike home at last!!!

Then, then shall foul REMORSE, the dastard fiend,
Who ne'er pollutes the noble Soldier's end,
With dark DESPAIR around the scaffold wait—
And not one look deplore the victim's fate!
But, while Remembrance shakes his coward frame,
And starts of pride contend with inward shame:
The mute reproach, or execration loud
Of sober JUSTICE, or the scoffing crowd,
Alike shall hail the stroke that ends his doom,
And gives to INFAMY his MEM'RY and his TOMB!
Turn from the hateful scene, dear LAURA, turn;
And thy lov'd Friend with milder sorrow mourn!

Still dwell upon HIS fate ; for, still thou'lt find
The contrast lovely, and 'twill soothe thy mind !—

Fall'n with the brave, e'er number'd with the slain,
His *mind*, UNWOUNDED, CALMS HIS BODY'S PAIN !
Half rais'd, he leans. See FRIENDSHIP bending o'er,
But, ah, with looks that promise life no more !
Hopeless, but not dismay'd, with fearless eye
He reads the doom that tells him " HE MUST DIE :"
Lays his brave hand upon his bleeding breast—
And FEELS HIS GLORY WHILE HE FINDS HIS REST !
Then yields the transient breath which Nature gave,
And, SURE OF PROUDER LIFE, O'ERLOOKS THE GRAVE.

Sweet is the meed that waits his laurell'd bier :—
'Tis VALOUR's hope, 'tis Honour's praise sincere ;
'Tis FRIENDSHIP's manly sigh, and gentle BEAUTY's tear !

IMITATIONS OF ANGERIANUS.

As late one dreary Winter's day
I hasten'd, shiv'ring on my way,
My DELIA mark'd amid the throng,
And laugh'd to see me trudge along !

As I drew near, the Wanton held
A Snow-ball in her hand conceal'd ;
And calling, to retard my pace,
She threw it plump into my face.

I started backward at the blow,
 Nor could believe the ball was snow,
 It gave me such a sudden glow—
 A glow, which, spreading from the part,
 Ne'er rested till it touch'd my heart.

}

What magic could her hand inspire
 To mingle thus with ice a fire?
 CUPID, leave thy bow and darts,
 Nor strive with flames to burn our hearts:
 But, thy divinity to prove,
 Teach e'en Snow to kindle Love!

ODE ON SYMPATHY.

HAPPY, happy, happy ye
 Blest with souls of Sympathy!—
 Happy ye, whose bosoms know
 The sad, sweet luxury of woe,
 That wakes each tender feeling,
 Wounds of keenest sorrow healing:
 Each watchful pang it lulls to rest,
 And calms each stormy care that swells the troubled breast.

'Tis yours to taste superior joys,
 Seeking calm, serene retreats,
 Far retir'd from pomp and noise
 To NATURE's wild, romantic seats,
 Where the goddess loves to dwell,
 With ECHO, in her moss-grown cell,
 In cavern'd vale or hollow dell,

}

Or, on the restless ocean's shore,
To hear the white wave dash and fullen billow roar!

Or, while the silver queen of night
Pours around her mellow light,
To wander thro' the rustling brake
That crowns the margin of the lake;
Or, thro' the rudely-checquer'd sphere
Of some old castle's mould'ring walls,
Where not a sound arrests the ear,
Save distant murm'ring waterfalls.

Then, PHILOMEL, awake, and raise
Thy wild, melodious lays;
Warble forth thy plaintive song,
That, nightly caroll'd thro' the grove,
Tells to all the feather'd throng
Thy mournful tale of flighted love!

For, O, 'tis music's soft controul
Can mould each passion of the mind;
Can fire our rage, or sooth the soul,
And leave it hush'd, subdued, refine!

This, ye souls, 'tis yours to know:—
When, in solemn measure,
The deep-ton'd organs blow,
Ye find a thrilling pleasure
Thro' ev'ry artery flow.

But, when the sweet MARIA deigns
The trembling strings to move,
The soul its narrow bound disdains,
And, as upborne on Seraph's wing,
To higher regions seems to spring—
To realms of harmony and love!

Again, MARIA, raise again
The sweet, enliv'ning strain !
But, envious hours, too quick ye flow :—

MARIA, we must part !

O, didst thou at this moment know

The pang which rends my heart,
Thy snowy breast would heave a sigh,
The tear would fill each sparkling eye ;
You'd pity him you bade " Adieu"—

The one who, absent, loves, and only lives for you !

Yet, cease, my flutt'ring heart !—

Why heaves my breast so high ?

Is there no friend—none nigh

To whom thy cares thou may'st impart ?

If e'er, with sympathizing throes,

My heart has felt another's woes ;

If e'er, another's joy to hear,

My eye has glisten'd with a tear,

Now, now, propitious to my pray'r,

Ye powers, attentive bend :

But grant me this—no more I'll ask

Than MARCUS as my friend !

MARCUS, I spurn each fawning wile,

Each hypocritic art ;

Thou know'st I hate the flatt'rer's smile,

Which but belies his heart.

I here devote, by Friendship's name,

By each fond tie, each tender claim,

A heart that's feeling, firm, and free

To joys like these—to love and thee !

With these I'll brave the wintry winds
 Which o'er life's ocean blow ;
 With these each joy I'll freely share—
 And they shall sooth each woe.

Alike the present we'll enjoy,
 Together smile o'er sorrows past ;
 And, hand in hand, we'll pass along
 Thro' life's tumultuous, giddy throng,
 While life itself shall last ;
 And, when our heads are silver'd o'er,
 When, by a gradual decay,
 The vital flame shall die away,
 Then, MARCUS, we will join—will join to part no more!

SOLITUDE.

HAIL, pensive Solitude, thou tranquil maid !
 I court thy charms, thy ever-pleasing shade ;
 In thee where'er my wand'ring footsteps bend,
 I find a welcome, never-failing friend.

As eve succeeds the busy scenes of day,
 Wide o'er the flow'ry fields I seek my way ;
 Or trace yon lofty mountain's desert brow,
 And listen to the pleasing sounds below ;—
 Sweet flows the shepherd's ballad thro' the grove,
 And sweet the rustic sings a tale of love ;
 Loud hums the Matron's ever toiling wheel,
 To earn for poverty her scanty meal ;

The milkmaid carols, as the herd retire,
And shades celestial deck the village spire.

Led by what charm around the world to roam,
We find in Solitude a stranger's home ;
On India's shore, or Lapland's icy way,
We find its pleasing spirit round us play.
'Tis thus the Swift, condemn'd by fate to share,
Far from his rocks and vales, the toils of war,
Tho' leagues divide them, still he inward pines
To climb the mountain, prop the drooping vines ;
Sighs deep to hear his native music play'd,
Beneath the precipice, or woodland shade ;
Where many a rustic sport, at setting day,
To love and friendship led the welcome way,
Where blooming health, and smiling age were seen,
To share the pleasures of the village green.

How many suffer 'midst the storms of care,
The secret pangs of sickness and despair ;
How many are there by misfortune hurl'd,
From scenes of plenty, beggars on the world ;
These well deserve, what pity's self bestows,
To hush their goading sorrows to repose ;—
'Tis then the trial comes, 'tis then we find
Retirement only can appease the mind ;
For seek the cot, and round the peasant's fire,
With rural ease and innocence retire ;
Share his coarse meal, and guide the shining plough,
Nor heed the winds that o'er the furrows blow,
Content to earn thy promis'd bread by toil,
To penn the fold, or break the stubborn soil ;
You'll learn that wealth nor indolence can find,
The secret treasures of an artless mind ;

For life's pure happiness is well confess'd,
The little sun-shine of a rustic's breast.

Fast dropp'd the dew, the sweets of evening fled
On pilf'ring breezes from the bean flow'r bed,
Long had the sheep-bell ceas'd its pleasing sound,
And silence hush'd th' enchanting scenes around,
The moon was sunk, the convent bell toll'd slow,
As twilight slumber'd on the mountains brow,
I miss'd the hermit at the neighbouring spring,
I saw no friend his earthen pitcher bring;
I sought his home, beheld the drooping fire
In sickness—shiv'ring, o'er a faggot fire.
No friend's solicitude for him appear'd,
For him who oft the griefs of others shar'd;
Yet he was blest, secure from scorn or strife,
He liv'd the man, in solitary life.
In him the poor a worthy friend could find,
When little sorrows pierc'd the brooding mind;
His midnight taper was the Pilgrim's guide,
To shun the precipice, or rapid tide,
To cheer the path, across the desert moor,
To lead benighted strangers to his door.
Beneath his thatch, the Robin built its nest,
And ev'ry winter came a hungry guest,
To share the crumbs that charity bestows,
To seek a shelter from the chilling snows.
His cave could boast no share of wordly art,
His books imprest religion on the heart,
His rushy palet, cross, and wicket chair,
His time-worn table, and his simple fare,

All, all, contributed alike to show,
A humble life is happiness below.

'Twas Heaven's own hand his little wants supplied,
Belov'd he liv'd, belov'd by all he died.
The sweetest flow'rs that smiling spring supplies,
Shall deck the sod, and bloom till summer dies;
Long shall the willow's silver branches wave,
Where sleeps, unmotiv'd, life's unerring slave,
And as they bend, to kiss the hallow'd earth,
Shall woo the breeze, to mourn departed worth.

FRAGMENT.

ENVY's grim fiend, when Ch—th—m breath'd his last,
Arose triumphant on the moaning blast,
Wav'd her black banner o'er the Patriot's bier,
And call'd, prophetic, Hear, O Europe! hear!
Joy to my gloomy soul, he dies, he dies,
And prostrate nations smile while Britain fights;
Lo! from his loins a dragon son proceeds,
By fate malignant nurs'd for baleful deeds;
History in future times, in fullen mood,
Shall trace his fate in characters of blood;
Savage of soul, to fiend-like mischief prone,
He liv'd for guilt, and for himself alone;
Drunk with the bev'rage of corruption's bowl,
He ey'd his country with a dæmon's fowl;
Palsying each nerve, and blasting every charm,
Grasp'd at her vitals with a Nero's arm;
Rescu'd from seas of blood when Britain groan'd,
His blade infernal gave the mortal wound;
He launch'd her treasures on profusion's waves,
For beggar'd despots and their blood-nurs'd slaves;

Aw'd by no shame, by no remorse confin'd,
 His war-dogs flipt to brutalize mankind ;
 Bade exil'd virtue mourn in savage climes,
 And butcher'd millions to complete his crimes !
 Lash'd by ambition's scourge, the monster rav'd,
 O'er truth and innocence his poignard wav'd.
 Posterity shall doom to just disgrace
 The wolf degenerate from the lion's race,
 Relentless, fraudulent, fell, who prow'd along,
 Death in his heart, religion on his tongue ;
 The sot, whose soul, sway'd by the lust of power,
 Plann'd schemes of blood in pleasure's festive bower ;
 Who justice scorn'd, who honour's path forsook,
 And stabb'd at genius, when he stabb'd at Tooke.

SONNET.

FROM LORENZO DE MEDICI.

Ah ! pearly drops, that pouring from those eyes
 Spoke the dissolving cloud of soft desire !
 What time cold sorrow chill'd the genial fire,
 " Struck the fair urns, and bade the waters rise."
 Soft down those cheeks, where native crimson vies,
 As some clear river winds its stream along,
 Bathing the flowers of pale and purple dyes,
 Whilst Love, rejoicing in the amorous shower,
 Sands like some bird, that after sultry heats
 Enjoys the drops and shakes his glittering wings ;
 Then grasps his bolt, and conscious of his power,
 Midst those bright orbs assumes his wonted seat,
 And thro' the lucid shower his living light'ning flings.

LINES ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF

ROBERT BURNS

THE SCOTS POET.

Dowie an' wae, a' Scotia mourns
 The hapless weird o' RABIE BURNS;
 He's gaen the gate; a', i' their turns,
 Maun soon gang hame;
 His ashes lie amang the urns
 O' bards o' fame.

Wi' rowth o' wit the muse his pack
 Had fill'd, nor e'er had thol'd to slack;
 Wi' hamespun words he gash cou'd crack,
 An' canty sing,
 At rhymin he had sic a knack,
 Nane cou'd him ding.

Sic skaith to dree is unca fair,
 But Death sic dawties winna spare,
 For worth, or walth, he disna care,
 But ilka ane,
 Baith grit an sma', or late or ear',
 He gars pay kain.

Sin' Death's e'en snegged RABIE's lingle,
 Nae mair about the rowling ingle,
 Whan we again thegither mingle,
 An' bodles birl,
 Will RAB his wit an' verses jingle,
 To gar us skirl.

Wae's me, fin' RABIE's time's e'en dunc,
 There's ne'er a ane to fill his shoon;
 For wha, like RAB, fae weel can tune
 The aiten reed?
 The lave can only grane an' crune,
 Sin' RABIE's dead.

Ou'er RABIE's mools fure ilk true Scot
 Will drap a tear, for's thraward lot;
 His mem'ry winna be forgot
 I' this our land;
 For tho' his flesh an' banes sud rot,
 His fame will stand.

Na, RABIE BURNS! tho' dead ye lie,
 Kind Scotia will remember thee,
 An' tho' anither win the gree,
 Come i' your stead,
 The sawt tear will fa' frae her ee
 For RABIE dead.

Then, fare thee well! blyth, canty RAB,—
 —But troth, it gi'es my heart a stab;
 O' Scottish bards you was the dab;
 As lang's ye'd breath;
 But, 'neth the yird, ye'll nae mair gab—
 Nae thanks to Death.

WRITTEN ON THE DELIGHTFUL BANKS OF THE AVON,
 NEAR HAMILTON.

O AVON, round thy rocky stream
 With many a weary step I stray;
 Nor chear'd by Phœbus' vernal beam,
 Grief pines my gloomy soul away.

Thy lofty swelling banks I view,
Adorn'd with green trees blossom'd white,
Thy birks all bath'd in morning dew ;
Alas! they yield me no delight :

Thy winding walks, the happy scenes
Of my exulting raptur'd youth,
Ere while I knew woe's sharpest pains,
Ere while I doubted Peggy's truth.

'Twas then my every thought was love,
Fame's airy trump I valued not ;
'Twas then no wealth my soul could move,
Nor envy sour my peaceful cot.

But, ah ! how rueful now the change !
How solemn sad beneath these boughs !
Where, happy, happy, we did range,
And mutual breath'd sincerest vows.

Thou ruin'd Castle, * ivy-bound,
Where storied ghosts terrific cry !
Thy shapeless form, their dreary found,
Accord with wretches such as I.

The tumbling torrent's boiling roar,
The winter-shrouded lifeless trees,
The nipping frost's mildewing hoar,
My sad desponding fancy please.

Joy's mortal bane, false woman-kind !
For you on Avon's banks I'll mourn ;
Nor soothing solace hope to find,
But in the silent peaceful urn.

* Cadzow, near Hamilton.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

So many years I've seen the fun,
And call'd these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have, and manhood known :
O what is life ! and this dull round
To tread, why was a SPIRIT bound ?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have fill'd my soul with great designs,
While practice grovel'd far behind :
O what is thought ! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw ?

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quiv'ring soul had pow'r ;
Plain life with height'ning passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour :
O what is all we feel ! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head ?

So many human souls divine,
So at one interview display'd,
Some oft and freely mix'd with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid :
O what is friendship ! why imprest
On my weak, wretched, dying breast ?

So many wond'rous gleams of light,
And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me fit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love :

O what is virtue ! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high ?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead :
O what is death ! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more ;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all re-touch'd again ;
Where in their bright result shall rise,
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

THE DEMON OF THE STORM.

Oh Heav'n ! what ambient darkness shrouds
This hour of still midnight !—
Nor stars nor moon, to cheer the clouds,
Emit one ray of light.

But, ah, what sudden-bursting form
Scowls thro' the cleft expanse ?—
Sure, 'tis the DEMON of the STORM,
Or Fancy sees him glance !

See ; see him glide—black Prince of Air !
With light'ning wings he flies,
While, hoarsely mutt'ring, oft I hear
His thund'ring voice arise !

Fierce blasts of wind he blows around ;
 And, ruin scatt'ring wide,
 Tears with strong arm, from forth the ground,
 The forest's growing pride!

Yet, whirl thou on, thou fearful sprite;
 Dread spirit, whirl thy way!—
 Again shall rise the morning bright,
 Again shall beam the day.

Should'st thou in crumbling fragments spread
 Some mountain huge and tall,
 Hurl them with fury o'er my head—
 And crush me by their fall!

That Pow'r of omnipresent eye,
 In whose high name I trust,
 Should bid a saving angel fly,
 To snatch me from the dust!

ODE TO REGRET.

HARK! a voice of plaintive sound
 Moans, like the turtle, sweet and sad;
 And see, advance with solemn pace
 Love-lorn REGRET! Ah me!—I well may trace
 Her melancholy plaints, and mark her pensive face
 And bending form; while she, in mourning clad,
 Clings to yon urn, nor heeds the prospect round!

As round her forehead pale
Wreaths of faded blossoms twine,
So do her white arms clasp the marble shrine :
Slow heaves her breast with tender sighs,
Like the soft breathings of the ev'ning gale
Which from the bosom of the lake arise ;

And, as the sun's mild ray
Now gilds the closing day,
And glitters in the flow'r-besprinkling dew,
So in her eye affection's beam appears,
While flow the silent-trickling tears
Adown her cheek of pallid hue.

Ah, musing Fair, will nought divert thine eye !
But, clouded o'er with sorrow's gloom,
Wilt thou for ever fix it on the tomb ?—
Behold, she rears
Her gentle eyes, that shine thro' tears ;
For, lo, a spirit cleaves the sky !—

His name is HOPE : with cheering voice
He bids the drooping maid rejoice,
And, smiling, points above :

“ No longer weep,” I hear him cry ;
“ For, from the heav'n of heav'ns I wing my flight,
And there, with future-glancing flight,
I saw, amid the realms of light,
Piercing the heart of DEATH, the blooming cherub LOVE.”

THE BUNGLERS;

OR,

BRITISH BACCHANALS.

(To the Tune of—" *Green grow the Rushes O.* ")

WHEN Frenchmen first attack'd their crown,
 And turn'd it topsy-turvy O,
 Then knock'd their popish temples down,
 The trick was curst scurvy O:
 'Twas then we took up arms to fight,
 To bring them to their senses O;
 But still the rogues maintain they're right,
 While we pay all expences O,

CHORUS—Push about the glasses O,
 Push about the glasses O,
 For what care we how things go on,
 While blushing nectar passes O.

When Englishmen first went to war,
 In thousands how we gather'd 'em;
 And sent 'em o'er to Flanders far;
 But there the Frenchmen lather'd 'em.
 Now LEOPOLD'S all-conquering Son
 Sent countless hordes to slaughter them,
 And made the ragged rascals run—
 But, well-a day! 'twas after them.

CHORUS—Push about the glasses O, &c.

E'en let your Snarlers take their scope,
 We'll prove Old England civil O;
 And fight for either Turk or Pope,
 Or their good friend—the Devil O;

Nor care we if the war should yet

Continue years full twenty O ;

'Cause people all so faucy get

When they have peace and plenty O.

CHORUS—Push about the glasses O, &c.

We'll call in FOX without delay,

To save the state, if able O ;

For when the steed is stole away,

'Tis time to shut the stable O.

Yet here's to every fool in place,

And eke each noble pensioner :

But as to that vile jade—DISGRACE—

For God's sake, never mention her.

CHORUS—Push about the glasses O, &c.

Those men, we find, can battle well,

Whom once we counted monies O ;

And, by a kind of magic spell,

Have prov'd their foes but donkies O.

Yet still these vengeful pests of kings

Pursue the German eagle O,

And have so clipt his gaudy wings,

He hardly now looks regal O.

CHORUS—Push about the glasses O, &c.

If grunterns henceforth dare to brag

Of liberty or reason O,

We'll then apply our new state gag,

And tuck 'em up for treason O.

Then let us all carouze and drink ;

For till affairs grow riper O,

Folks must not *say*, tho' they may *think*,

That JOHNNY pays the piper O.

CHORUS—Push about the glasses, O, &c.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST CENTURY.

AH what is love ! It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king ;
 And sweeter too ;
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.

Ah then, ah then !

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?
 His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
 As merry as a king in his delight ;

And merrier too ;

For kings bethink them what the state require,
 While shepherds, careless, carol by the fire.

Ah then, ah then !

If country loves, &c.

He kisseth first, then sits as blyth to eat
 His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat ;

And blyther too ;

For kings have often fears when they do sup,
 While shepherd's dread no poison in the cup.

Ah then, ah then !

If country loves, &c.

To bed he goes, as wanton then I ween
 As is a king in dalliance with a queen ;

More wanton too ;

For kings have many griefs their souls to move,
 While shepherds have no greater grief than love.

Ah then, ah then !

If country loves, &c.

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down ;

And sounder too ;

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
While weary shepherds lie and sleep their fill.

Ah then, ah then !

If country loves, &c.

Thus, with his wife, he spends the year as blyth
As doth the king at every tyde or syth ;

And blyther too ;

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
While shepherds laugh and love upon the land.

Ah then, ah then !

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain !

THE BLACKBIRD ;

A FAVOURITE SONG.

'Twas on a bank of daisies sweet

A lovely maiden sigh'd ;

The little lambs play'd at her feet,

While she in sorrow cry'd,

" Where is my love, where can he stray ?"

When thus a blackbird sung,

" Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet ! he will not stay ?"

The air with music rung !

" Ah ! mock me not, bold bird," she said ;

" And, why, pray, tarry here ?

" Dost thou bemoan some youngling fled,

" Or hast thou lost thy dear ?

K ij

- " Dost thou lament his absence, say ?"
 Again the blackbird sung,
 " Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet ! he will not stay !"
 The air with music rung !
 " Sing on," she cry'd, " thou charming bird !
 " Those dulcet strains repeat !
 " No music e'er like thine was heard,
 " So truly sweet, sweet, sweet !
 " When shall my love be here, oh say ?"
 Once more the blackbird sung,
 " Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet ! he comes this way !"
 The air with music rung !
-

ODE TO THE *TRUE* SONS OF LIBERTY.

WHERE'ER the despot winter reigns
 He binds his slaves in icy chains ;
 Bids round them all his tempests blow ;
 And show'rs their care-fraught heads with snow :
 'Till, quite extinct their native heat,
 They sink beneath the tyrant's feet ;
 There ignominiously remain—
 Nor ever rise to life again !

While men of sense in ev'ry clime,
 True sons of liberty sublime,
 Quick from each tyrant's rage retire,
 To meet around the social fire,
 Where with rich juice they fill their veins,
 And thaw his adamantine chains.

Then, who but groveling slaves would lie
 Torpid beneath a threat'ning sky,
 Dismay'd by any tyrant's frown,
 Who aims to force, or keep them down,
 Ere yet the furious tempests blow,
 To show'r their care-fraught heads with snow,
 And while a spark of gen'rous heat
 Prompts to resist—or to retreat?

For men of sense, in ev'ry clime, &c. &c.

Here, bless'd with FREEDOM's sacred flame,
 And wishing all the world the same,
 Alike from winter's rigour free,
 And man's still greater tyranny,
 As gaily thus we drink and sing,
 And love, but do not dread, our King,
 A hearty bumper let us fill
 To those for whom our blood we'd spill!

The men of sense in ev'ry clime,
 True sons of liberty sublime,
 Who from each tyrant's rage retire,
 To meet around the social fire,
 Where with rich juice they fill their veins,
 And thaw his adamantine chains.

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING ASKED BY SEVERAL LADIES WHICH OF THEM
 THE AUTHOR MOST ADMIR'D.

WHILE each fair form enchants the eye,
 And loveliness is thus combin'd,
 Present, you with each other vie,
 And but perplex the wav'ring mind.

Sense, beauty, modesty, and wit,
 Their all-seducing charms display;
 Yet though by each the heart is smit,
 The graces jointly bear the sway.

The poet, by the muses fir'd,
 Thus feels their influence divine:
 But while by all the nine inspir'd,
 To no one dare his praise confine.

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

'Tis not that look of anguish, bath'd in tears,
 Oh! poverty! thy haggard image wears—
 'Tis not these famish'd limbs, naked and bare
 To the bleak tempest's rains, or the keen air
 Of winter's piercing winds, nor that sad eye
 Imploring the small boon of charity—
 'Tis not that voice, whose agonizing tale
 Might turn the purple cheek of grandeur pale,
 Nor all that host of woes thou bring'st with thee,
 Insult, contempt, disdain, and contumely,
 That bid me call the fate of those forlorn,
 Who 'neath thy rude oppression sigh and mourn:
 But chief, relentless pow'r! thy hard controul
 Which to the earth bends low th' aspiring soul;
 Thine iron grasp, thy fetters drear, which bind
 Each gen'rous effort of the struggling mind!
 Alas! that genius, melancholy flow'r,
 Scarce opening yet to even's nurt'ring show'r,
 Should, by thy pitiless and cruel doom,
 Wither, ere nature smiles upon her bloom;

That innocence, touch'd by the dead'ning wand,
Shou'd pine, nor know one outstretch'd guardian hand !
For this, O ! poverty ! for them, I sigh,
The helpless victims of thy tyranny !
For this, I call the lot of those severe,
Who wander 'mid thy haunts, and pine, unheeded, there !

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

The lovely infant lull'd to rest,
Reposing on the mother's breast ;
Or waking with an artless smile,
Her cares and troubles to beguile ;
Or fix'd in sweet unconscious gaze,
While each new object it surveys,
Harmless is, without offence,
Pure angelic innocence.

Ere experience prompts the mind,
Or fashion's servile customs bind ;
While youthful hope the breast inspires,
And nature's sudden impulse fires ;
While novelty still charms each sense—
Then unsuspecting innocence
Roams on fancy's airy wing,
Sportive, o'er the flow'ry spring.

But far from cities, far from camps,
Midst lonely glens and rural haunts,
At mountain's top, or secret glade,
Where no temptations e'er invade ;
In humble cot, by rustic cells,
There the charming fair one dwells ;

Simple, beautiful and wild,
Purest nature's lovely child.

Near the woods, where echo rings,
At the fountain's crystal springs,
On the hill at earliest morn,
While limpid pearls the grass adorn;
Or, where the rocks stupendous rise,
Behold the youth without disguise!
Free from guilt, and free from wealth,
Enjoying peace and blooming health.

Here contentment forms her bowers,
Whilst smoothly glide the fleeting hours,
Here too the loose-rob'd graces reign,
With love and laughter in their train:
And industry, and virtue fair,
And temperance, with cheerful air,
Here enjoy calm peace by day,
And sweetly sleep the night away.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

TRUE to the hour, my kind Eliza proves;
What will not woman for the man she loves!
How vain each effort to repress desire,
When mutual wishes mutual joys inspire!
Twelve years have pass'd since first those joys began,
To please our maxim, and to love our plan!
Absent or present, sentiment inspires
Each willing thought, and renovates our fires.
No vain delusion occupies the breast,
But honest nature is by nature blest.

Thalia, laughing, seems to trace
More wit, more humour in his face.

The various tale of all the woes
Thou first to Shakespeare didst disclose,
Melpomene. Yet, to thy view
When painting brings the scenes a-new,
Where Beaufort, sunk to dark despair,
Shows not a ray of hope is near,
With shudd'ring soul, and trembling pace,
Thou fleest the horrors of his face.

Where meek Cordelia shrinks with fear
The curses of her sire to hear,
While the big passions of his heart
In lightnings from his eye-balls start,
Against her sister's arts accurst,
Indignant, how thy quick throbs burst!

Where Arthur's soul-impiercing cries
Wake the tear in Hubert's eyes;
With ghastly grin and lifted hand
Where Richard's hir'd assassins stand,
And the sweet smiles of peace and love
Cannot a look of pity move,
Mute thou stand'st, with sorrowing soul,
While down thy cheek the big drops roll.

Each goddess cried—"O! wond'rous fair,
Let worlds below thy influence share."

"And first (said Shakespeare), wond'rous fair,
To Britain's sons thy flight prepare!—
What I could feel, but ne'er express;
What, when told, it seemed less,

Pourtray ;—inspire th' extatic glow,
 Wake all the tenderness of woe,
 And bid the pitying bosom melt
 To feel what ne'er before it felt !"

THE LABOURING POOR.

AN ELEGY.

HARD is the lot of those who toil,
 From morn to night throughout the year ;
 For tho' they till a fruitful soil,
 No comforts now their labour cheer.

Plenty with them no more is found,
 No more with wholesome viands fed ;
 The hand that ploughs and sows the ground,
 Can scarce obtain its daily bread.

The village where contentment smil'd,
 Is overcast with cheerless gloom ;
 And joys that labour once beguil'd,
 To want and penury give room.

Ev'n sober industry and care,
 The cottage bliss insure no more :
 For now the peasant in despair,
 Sees the gaunt wolf beset the door.

Cheerless at dawn to work he goes,
 Cheerless returns at latest eve :
 Nor meets the part'ner of his woes,
 But o'er their helpless babes to grieve.

On his incessant toil depend,
Their food and raiment, house and fire;
Yet all to find without a friend,
Ah how inadequate his hire!

All fails, if sickness be his fate;
He boasts no little store of wealth:
No balmy comforts on him wait;
No hand presents the cup of health.

His humble lot is hard at best,
And poverty his only meed:
While others are with plenty blest,
He feels the griping hand of need.

For food his craving children cry,
And oft assail the mother's ear;
Alas, in vain! she heaves the sigh,
And sheds the silent, secret tear.

Nought now her thrifty hand can spare,
Between the piteous flinted meal:
A scanty pittance is their share,
And pinching hunger oft they feel.

Nor to the peasant's cot alone
Is pining poverty confin'd:
In cities wretched thousands moan,
To want and misery consign'd.

Here bloated luxury and pride
The starving wretch regardless views:
Here want to decency's allied,
And misery shews her various hues.

Here, too, vile war's destructive rage,
O'erturns the manufact'ring dome :
And those whom peaceful trade engage,
Are kill'd abroad, or starv'd at home.

Here oft the poor, without employ,
The rich behold in mirth and ease ;
Whilst they, depriv'd of ev'ry joy,
Feel hunger, cold, and dire disease.

The artist, who, with patient hand,
Refines the ore, or works the loom ;
Sinks 'midst the splendour of the land,
An early victim to the tomb.

And widow'd mothers, orphans dear,
And bleak misfortune's downcast train,
A dismal group forlorn appear,
Meek, drudging sufferers of pain.

And all the hardy sons of toil,
Who once were happy, bold, and free,
In sorrow cultivate the soil,
Or forc'd to beg for charity.

Ah ye who neither toil nor spin,
Ye drones amidst the busy hive !
These are the men your battles win,
And by their labours 'tis ye thrive !

Think that on their laborious hands
Depends the welfare of the state ;
That by their strength it falls or stands ;
Yet stern necessity's their fate.

A SONG.

BY MISS CHRYSTAL.

THRO' spring-time walks with flow'rs perfum'd
I chas'd a wild, capricious fair,
Where hyacinths and jonquils bloom'd,
Chaunting gay sonnets thro' the air:
Hid amid a briary dell,
Or, 'neath a hawthorn tree,
Her sweet enchantments led me on—
And still deluded me!

While summer's splendid glory smiles,
My ardent love in vain essay'd
To win her heart by tricks and wiles;
But still a thousand pranks she play'd;
Still o'er each sun-burnt furzy hill,
Wild, playful, gay, and free,
She laugh'd and scorn'd; I chas'd her still—
And still she banter'd me!

When autumn waves her golden ears,
And wafts o'er fruits her pregnant breath,
The sprightly lark its pinions rears;
I chas'd her o'er the daisy'd heath—
Sweet wild-flow'rs purpled o'er the vale,
And all around was glee;
Still, wanton as the timid hart,
She swiftly flew from me!

Now winter lights its cheerful fire,
 While jests with frolic mirth resound,
 And draws the wand'ring beauty nigher—
 'Tis now too cold to rove around ;
 The Christmas game, the playful dance
 Incline her heart to glee ;
 Mutual we glow—and kindling love
 Draws ev'ry wish to me.

THE STRAWBERRY: A SONNET.

BY MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

THE Strawberry blooms upon its lowly bed :
 Plant of my native soil ! the lime may fling
 More potent fragrance on the zephyr's wing,
 The milky cocoa richer juices shed,
 The white guava lovelier blossoms spread ;
 But not, like thee, to fond remembrance bring
 The vanish'd hours of life's enchanting spring !
 Short calendar of joys, for ever fled !
 Thou bid'st the scenes of childhood rise to view,
 The wild wood path which fancy loves to trace,
 Where, veil'd in leaves, thy fruit of rosy hue
 Lurk'd on its pliant stem with modest grace.
 But, ah ! when thought would later years renew,
 Alas ! successive sorrows crowd the space !

SONNET TO SIMPLICITY.

BY THE SAME.

NYMPH of the desert ! on this lonely shore,
 Simplicity, thy blessings still are mine,
 And all thou canst not give I pleas'd resign;
 For, all beside can sooth my soul no more.
 I ask no lavish heaps to swell my store,
 And purchase pleasures far remote from thine.
 Ye joys, for which the race of Europe pine,
 Ah ! not for me your studied grandeur pour !
 Let me, where yon tall cliffs are rudely pil'd,
 Where towers the palm amidst the mountain trees,
 Where, pendent from the steep, with graces wild,
 The blue liana floats upon the breeze ;
 Still haunt those bold recesses, nature's child,
 Where thy majestic charms my spirit seize !

SONNET TO THE CURLEW.

BY THE SAME.

SOOTH'D by the murmurs on the sea-beat shore,
 His dun-grey plumage floating to the gale,
 The curlew blends his melancholy wail
 With those hoarse sounds the rushing waters pour.
 Like thee, congenial bird, my steps explore
 The bleak, lone sea-beach, or the rocky dale,
 And shun the orange bower, the myrtle vale,
 Whose gay luxuriance suits my soul no more !

M ij

I love the ocean's broad expanse, when drest
 In limpid clearness, or when tempests blow;
 When the smooth currents on its placid breast
 Flow calm as my past moments us'd to flow;
 Or, when its troubled waves refuse to rest,
 And seem the symbol of my present woe!

SONNET TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY THE SAME.

PALE Disappointment! at thy freezing name
 Chill fears in ev'ry shiv'ring vein I prove,
 My sinking pulse almost forgets to move,
 And life almost forsakes my languid frame:
 Yet thee, relentless nymph, no more I blame!
 Why do my thoughts 'midst vain illusions rove?
 Why gild the charms of friendship and of love
 With the warm glow of fancy's purple flame?
 When ruffling winds have some bright fane o'erthrown
 Which shone on painted clouds—or seem'd to shine,
 Shall the fond gazer dream for him alone
 Those clouds for him were stable, and at fate repine?
 I feel, alas! the fault is all my own;
 And, ah, the cruel punishment is mine!

SONNET TO LOVE.

BY THE SAME.

AH, LOVE! ere yet I knew thy fatal pow'r,
 Bright glow'd the colour of my youthful days,
 As, on the sultry zone, the torrid rays
 That paint the broad-leav'd plaitain's glossy bower!—

Calm was my bosom, as this silent hour
 When o'er the deep the scarce-heard zephyr frays,
 'Midst the cool tamarinds indolently plays,
 Nor from the orange shakes its od'rous flower.

But, ah ! since love has all my heart possess'd,
 That desolated heart what sorrows tear—
 Disturb'd and wild as ocean's troubled breast
 When the hoarse tempest of the night is there !
 Yet, my complaining spirit asks no rest ;
 This bleeding bosom cherishes despair.

SONNET TO THE WHITE BIRD OF THE TROPIC.

BY THE SAME.

BIRD of the Tropic ! thou who lov'st to stray
 Where thy long pinions sweep the sultry line,
 Or mark'st the bounds which torrid beams confine
 By thy averted course, that shuns the ray
 Oblique, enamour'd of sublimer day ;
 Oft on yon cliff thy folded plumes recline,
 And drop those snowy feathers Indians twine
 To crown the warrior's brow with honours gay.

O'er trackless oceans what impels thy wing ?—
 Does no soft instinct in thy soul prevail ?
 No sweet affection to thy bosom cling,
 And bid thee oft thy absent nest bewail ?—
 Yet thou again to that dear spot can spring ;
 But I my long-lost home no more shall hail !

SONNET TO THE TORRID ZONE.

BY THE SAME.

PATHWAY of light! o'er thy empurpled zone,
 With lavish charms perennial summer strays;
 Soft 'midst thy spicy groves the zephyr plays,
 While far around the rich perfumes are thrown;
 The amadavid bird, for thee alone,
 Spreads his gay plumes that catch thy vivid rays;
 For thee the gems with liquid lustre blaze,
 And nature's various wealth is all thy own.

But, ah! not thine is twilight's doubtful gloom,
 Those mild gradations, mingling day with night;
 Here, instant darkness shrouds thy genial bloom,
 Nor leaves my pensive soul that ling'ring light,
 When musing mem'ry would each trace resume
 Of fading pleasures in successive flight.

SONNET TO THE CALBASSIA TREE.

BY THE SAME.

SUBLIME Calbassia! luxuriant tree,
 How soft the gloom thy bright-hu'd foliage throws,
 While from thy pulp a healing balsam flows,
 Whose power the suff'ring wretch from pain can free!
 My pensive footsteps ever turn to thee:
 Since oft, while musing on my lasting woes,
 Bencath thy flow'ry white-bells I repose,
 Symbol of friendship dost thou seem to me:

For thus has friendship cast her soothing shade
 O'er my unshelter'd bosom's keen distress;
 Thus sought to heal the wounds which love has made,
 And temper bleeding sorrow's sharp excess!
 Ah, not in vain she lends her balmy aid!—
 The agonies she cannot cure are less!

SONNET TO THE SENSES.

HAIL wond'rous pow'rs, with magic fraught!
 Impressive agents of the mind:
 Thy subtle energy combin'd,
 Gives birth to every varied thought.
 Each object, pictur'd on the brain,
 Is there impell'd by thy swift force;
 And e'en from thy perceptive source,
 Fly all the fleet ideal train.
 Thy slightest touch life's fibrous springs obey,
 And to their centre all they feel convey;
 There, quick revolving, o'er the frame expand,
 And instant execute the will's command.
 Each sense or faintly mov'd, or with impassion'd fire,
 As swells the sound when age or youth command the lyre.

LINES WRITTEN FOR A FAUSSE MONTRE.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose curious hands reveal
 The secret spring my prudence would conceal,
 Let this inscription stop thy prying eyes,
 And teach thee fair *extérieurs* to despise;

Thou didst expect, within this polish'd space,
 To meet a jewel worthy of the case,
 As its fond master vainly hop'd to find,
 Beneath fair Celia's face, as fair a mind.
 But, warn'd by his example, shun his fate,
 Nor be, like hapless Florio, wife *too late*.
 A beauteous *outside* ne'er again believe,
 For Celia's false, and even *I* deceive.

EPITAPH FOR ALGERNON SIDNEY.

COMEST thou, brave youth, by kindred virtue led,
 To explore the pregnant annals of the dead,
 That bright example may inspire thy breast?
 Arrest thy step: here SIDNEY's ashes rest!
 Does the sound vibrate through thy throbbing heart?
 Glows thy warm cheek? do tears, indignant, start?
 The omens hail: they mark thy strenuous mind;
 The honest guardian of thy race design'd.
 Approach, contemplate this immortal name,
 Swear on this shrine to emulate his fame;
 To dare, like him, e'en to thy latest breath,
 Contemning, chains, and poverty, and death.
 Then go: and dauntless in thy country's cause,
 Assert her rights, her liberties, and laws;
 Unfading honours be thy glorious doom,
 And tears, like those thou shed'st, bedew thy tomb.
 But if this sacred name awake no zeal,
 No generous ardour for the public weal;
 Pursue thy way, nor vainly loiter here;
 Thy tearless eye profanes the patriot's bier.

S O N G.

To the Tune of "JOHNNY COPE."

When NORTH did foster the contest
With British subjects in the west,
By BILLY PITT he was distressed,
Both late and in the morning.

—CHORUS—

BILL, are you waking from your trance,
In which you see invasive France
Against the British coasts advance,
Like locusts in the morning?

But when the *Pit* got into pow'r,
He turn'd his coat, and to this hour,
Makes Johnny Bull both gape and glour,
With squeezing in the morning.

That vile apostate of the *deep*,
Will not let War a moment sleep;
If Peace but smiles, it makes him weep
Whole nights unto the morning.

When Liberty began to shine
On Gallic chains, he did repine,
And's labour'd since without decline,
To check her rising morning.

The Gallic Sun in night to tofs,
The *Pit* was search'd for vapours gross;
But all was meant at home to cross
Slaves longing for the morning.

To cloud the British horizon,
 Where Freedom has for ages shone,
 BILL let DUNDAS and GRENVILLE on;
 Like night without a morning.

—— and ——, with bills of lies,
 They've shut our mouths, o'ercast our skies;
 Perhaps ere long they'll close our eyes
 From looking on the morning.

But yet in Court there's men of worth,
 The Goddess LIBERTY brought forth,
 To spread her rays west, south, and north,
 Like Phœbus in the morning.

PITT and DUNDAS strive to prevail
 O'er CHARLIE FOX and LAUDERDALE;
 Men who in Court can tell a tale
 Bright as the rising morning.

When the enlightening words of GREY
 Dart through the *Pit*, then all is day;
 And SHERIDAN makes night give way
 To the advancing morning.

Yet from the *Pit* there comes a smoke,
 Which LIBERTY herself must choke
 If Gracious GEORGE proves not a cock
 To rouse her in the morning.

Were foul Corruption but extinct,
 Would men but Worth prefer to *chink*,
 Then FREEDOM would not only blink,
 But shed eternal morning.

The Tree of Liberty,—a plant
 Of *British* growth,—not *French* we want;
Beneath whose shade OUR SIRES did chaunt,
 Like larks in a May morning.

BILLY depose—(that's o'er good for 'm,)
 Then we shall weather out the storm,
 And Britain, deck'd in a Reform,
 Look fairer than the morning.

STANZAS
 TO THE
 MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY EDWARD RUSHTON.

Poor, wildly sweet uncultur'd flow'r,
 Thou lowliest of the musc's bow'r,
 " Stern ruin's ploughshare, 'mang the flowre,
 " Has crush'd thy stem,"
 And sorrowing verse shall mark the hour,
 " Thou bonnie gem."

'Neath the green turf, dear nature's child,
 Sublime, pathetic, artless, wild,
 Of all thy quips and cranks despoil'd,
 Cold dost thou lie;
 And many a youth and maiden mild
 Shall o'er thee sigh.

Those pow'rs that eagle-wing'd could soar,
That heart which ne'er was cold before,
That tongue which caus'd the table's roar,
Are now laid low,
And Scotia's sons shall hear no more
Thy rapt'rous flow.

Warm'd with "a spark o' nature's fire,"
From the rough plough thou didst aspire
To make a fordid world admire;
And few like thee,
Oh! BURNS, have swept the minstrel's lyre
With ecstasy.

E'er winter's icy vapours fail,
The violet, in th' uncultur'd dale,
So sweetly scents the passing gale,
That shepherd boys,
Led by the fragrance they inhale,
Soon find their prize.

So when to life's chill glens confin'd,
Thy rich, tho' rough, untutur'd mind,
Pour'd on the sense of each rude hind
Such sonfy lays,
That to thy brow was soon assign'd
The wreath of praise.

Anon, with nobler daring blest,
The wild notes throbbing at thy breast,
Of friends, wealth, learning, unpossess'd,
Thy fervid mind
Tow'rd fame's proud turrets boldly press'd,
And pleas'd mankind.

But what avail'd thy pow'rs to please,
When want approach'd, and pale disease;
Could these thy infant brood appease
That wail'd for bread?
Or could they, for a moment, ease
Thy woe-worn head?

Applause, poor child of minstrelsy,
Was all the world e'er gave to thee;
Unmov'd, by pinching penury
They saw thee torn,
And now, kind souls! with sympathy,
Thy loss they mourn.

Oh! how I loath the bloated train,
Who oft had heard thy dulcet strain;
Yet, when thy frame was rack'd with pain,
Could keep aloof,
And eye with opulent disdain
Thy lowly roof.

Yes, proud Dumfries, oh! would to Heaven
Thou hadst from that cold spot been driven,
Thou might'st have found some sheltering haven
On this side Tweed:—
Yet ah! e'en here, poor bards have striven,
And died in need.

True genius scorns to flatter knaves,
Or crouch amidst a race of slaves;
His soul, while fierce the tempest raves,
No tremor knows,
And with unshaken nerve he braves
Life's pelting woes.

While darkness reigns, should bigotry,
 With boiling blood, and bended knee,
 Scatter the weeds of infamy
 O'er thy cold clay,
 Those weeds, at light's first blush, shall be
 Soon swept away.

And when thy scorers are no more,
 The lonely glens, and sea-beat shore,
 Where thou hast croon'd thy fancies o'er
 With soul elate,
 Oft shall the bard at eve explore,
 And mourn thy fate.

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

Go place the swallow on yon turfy bed,
 Much will he struggle, but can never rise :
 Go raise him even with the daisy's head,
 And the poor twitt'rer like an arrow flies.

So oft thro' life the man of pow'rs and worth,
 Haply the caterer for an infant train,
 Like BURNS, must struggle on the bare-worn earth,
 While all his efforts to arise are vain.

Yet should the hand of relative or friend,
 Just from the surface, lift the suff'ring wight,
 Soon would the wings of industry extend,
 Soon would he rise from anguish to delight,
 Go then, ye affluent, go, your hands outstretch,
 And from despair's dark verge, oh! raise the woe-worn wretch.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON VIEWING AN OBJECT OF DISTRESS, IN A
STORMY NIGHT, IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Oh, where, poor houseless wand'rer of the night,
Where wilt thou hide thee from this clam'rous storm?
What friendly roof shall shield thy gentle form?
By the pale glimm'ring of yon mournful light
I mark thy grief-sunk eye and tatter'd clothes!
Sweet was thy song of peace, in happier years,
That cheer'd the vale; now on thy cheek appears
Youth's *faded* beauty, that can ill oppose
This bitter wind. So foul, and yet so fair!—
Curst be th' insidious villain's fiend-like art,
Who first ensnar'd thy unsuspecting heart;
Robb'd thee of peace—then left thee to despair!—
Oh, if the parent, 'midst this conflict wild,
Could view, so chang'd, so lost, his once lov'd child!

L I N E S,

TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE, WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF
TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS MELANCHOLY.

Hence that fantastic wantonness of woe,
O, youth, to partial fortune vainly dear!—
To plunder'd Want's half-shelter'd hovel go;
Go, and some hunger-bitten infant hear
Moan haply in a dying mother's ear;
Or, when the cold and dismal fog-damps brood
O'er the rank church-yard with fear elm-leaves strew'd,

Pace round some widow's grave, whose dearer part
Was slaughter'd, where o'er his uncoffin'd limbs
The flocking flesh-birds scream'd ! then, while thy heart
Groans, and thine eyes a fiery deluge dims,
Know (and the truth shall kindle thy young mind)—
What Nature makes thee mourn, she bids thee heal.
O, abject, if, to sickly dreams resign'd,
All effortless, thou leave earth's commonweal
A prey to the *thron'd* murd'ers of mankind !

TO THE GLOW-WORM.

GEM of this lone and silent vale,
Treasure of ev'ning's penfive hour,
I come thy modest light to hail !
I come a votive strain to pour.

Nor chilly dews, nor paths untrod,
Can from thy shrine my footsteps fright :—
Thy lamp shall guide me o'er the sod,
And cheer the gath'ring mists of night.

Again thy yellow fire impart !—
Lo, planets shed a mimic day ;
Lo, vivid meteors round me dart ;
On western clouds red lightnings play !

But vain these splendid fires to me,
Borne on the season's sultry wing,
Unless thy slender form I see
Around its fairy lustre fling.

Thine is an unobtrusive blaze ;
 Content art thou in shades to shine ;
 And much I wish, while thus I gaze,
 To make thy MODEST merit mine !

For, long, by youth's wild wishes, cast
 On the false world's tempestuous sea,
 I seek RETIREMENT's shore at last—
 And find a monitor in thee.

THE MOURNER.

COME, Smiles ; come, gay attire, and hide
 The anguish rankling in my breast !
 I'll lay my fable garb aside,
 And seem to cold inquirers blest.

Yes :—I will happy triflers join,
 As when grief's dart beside me flew,
 And love and all its joys were mine,
 And sorrow but by name I knew ;
 Ere death had seal'd the cruel doom
 Which call'd my Henry to the tomb !

Hard was the stroke :—but, O, I hate
 The sacred pomp of grief to show !—
 Thron'd in my breast, in secret state,
 Shall live the rev'ren'd form of woe.

I hate the tear which pity gives ;
 I'm jealous of her curious eye :
 The only balm my heart receives
 Is from my own UNHEEDED sigh !

When veil'd in night, to sleep a foe,
I bend before the throne of woe—
A face of smiles, a heart of tears!
So, in the church-yard, realm of death,
The turf increasing verdure wears,
While all is pale and DEAD beneath!

SONG OF FREEDOM.

In her temple's expanse the bright Goddess of Fame
Bade the breath of loud clamour repose;
Then, when pure from her eye stream'd the life-giving flame,
Stern Freedom majestic arose.

Emblazon'd (she cried) on the tablet of truth
My FOX in full portrait display,
'To be pure from pollution, immortal in youth,
When kingdoms, when empires decay.

Here let honour unblemish'd, to guard him attend,
Here virtue's glad angel repair;
Here his deep-furrow'd front let old wisdom unbend,
And wave the white locks of his hair.

Now, my Fox the broad banner of justice unfurls,
As the flood of corruption he braves;
Now my tempest-wing'd thunders indignant he hurls
On sycophants, minions, and slaves.

Hereafter, surviving fate's perilous hour,
Here his name shall flourish sublime,
When the tools of oppression, the pageants of pow'r
Shall be swept from the annals of time.

THE NEGRO BOY.

*The African Prince, who lately arrived in England, being asked
What he had given for his Watch? replied, "What I will
never give again—I gave a fine BOY for it."*

WHEN avarice enslaves the mind,
And selfish views alone bear sway,
"Man turns a savage to his kind, "
And blood and rapine mark his way:
Alas! for this poor simple toy,
" I sold a blooming negro boy. "

His father's hope, his mother's pride;
Tho' black, yet comely to their view;
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew:
To fiends that Afric coast annoy,
I sold the blooming negro boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn,
His tender limbs in chains confin'd,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And mark'd his agony of mind:
But still to gain this simple toy,
I gave away the negro boy.

In isles that deck the western wave,
'I doom'd the hopeless youth to dwell;
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,
A beast that Christians buy and sell;
And in their cruel tasks employ,
The much-enduring negro boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main,
In hopes to see the youth return;
But all their hopes and sighs are vain;
They never shall the sight enjoy
Of their lamented negro boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime,
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime:
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor dejected negro boy.

But he who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
Or wing the light'ning through the sky;
In his own time will soon destroy
Th' oppressors of the negro boy.

ELIZA; or, THE POSY.

SOME rose-buds from the gay parterre
My fingers nimbly drew,
And then narcissus, silver fair,
Impearl'd with globes of dew:
A sweet-bri'r sprig, some myrtle slips,
All these together dress'd,
Full fragrant as Eliza's lips,
I plac'd them on my breast.

These flow'rs, sang I, are emblems true
 Of each external grace,
 Her cheeks display the rosy hue,
 Narcissus taints her face :
 Her breath the vernal brier seems,
 First kiss'd by Sol at morn,
 Her wit, like Phœbus, brill'ant beams,
 More pointed than the thorn.

“ But what is beauty's fairest bloom, //
 “ Devoid of mental truth ? //
 The brake that yields the best perfume,
 May hide the serpent's tooth :
 Eliza owns each gentle pow'r,
 To all she's good and kind,
 And ev'ry virtue sheds a flow'r,
 To decorate her mind.

Cease ! cease the strain of one so sweet,
 (Her charms ye envious see,)
 What makes my bliss of life complete,
 She stores them all for me.
 Then like the miser let me prove,
 Lock up each brill'ant part
 With friendship and the key of love,
 In truth's strong box—my heart !

MODERN POETRY.

SOME by the blaze of dazzling fiction caught
 Strain to the last extremities of thought.
 With loosen'd rein imagination runs,
 And dips her pencil in a thousand funs !

On ev'ry side a strong effulgence flows,
 And reason's exil'd to the realms of prose.
 And laughs not nature, when she calmly views
 The garish progress of the gaudy muse?
 Beholds each trifling circumstance appear
 In all the various colours of the year?
 Eat, drink, or sleep, be joyous, or be sad,
 Still is each act in heav'nly splendour clad.
 If breakfast's call'd for—in celestial stile
 Angels descend to make the kettle boil:
 Some guardian spirit pours the nectar out,
 And simpering cupids hand the toast about.
 Nature, with ease judiciously display'd,
 Rich in herself, requires no foreign aid.
 Shown as she is, though e'er so void of care,
 She's always proper, and she's always fair.

H Y M N.

WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
 And death and ruin strew the ground,
 To Thee we look, and Thee we call,
 The Parent and the Lord of all.

"Thou, who hast stamp'd on human kind
 The image of a heaven-born mind,
 And in a father's wide embrace,
 Hast cherish'd all the kindred race;

O! see with what insatiate rage
 Thy sons their impious battles wage;
 How spreads destruction like a flood,
 And brothers shed their brothers blood!

See guilty passions spring to birth,
 And deeds of hell deform the earth;
 While righteousness and justice mourn,
 And love and pity droop forlorn.

Great God ! whose powerful hand can bind
 The raging waves, the furious wind,
 O ! bid the brutal tempest cease,
 And hush the madd'ning world to peace.

With reverence may each hostile band
 Hear and obey that high command,
 'Thy Son's blest errand from above,
 " My creatures live in mutual love !"

BRITANNIA.

RENOWN'D Britannia ! lov'd paternal land !
 Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye !
 Whene'er the weight of want's afflicting hand
 Wakes in thy vales the poor's persuasive cry ;
 When wealth enormous sets th' oppressor high,
 When bribes thy ductile senators command.
 And slaves in office freemen's rights withstand,
 Then mourn ! for then thy fate approacheth nigh !
 Not from contiguous Gaul, nor haughty Spain,
 Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
 Though leagu'd in war tremendous round thy shore,
 But from thyself, thy ruin must proceed !
 Nor boast thy power ; for know it is decreed,
 Thy freedom lost, thy power shall be no more !

A SKETCH OF THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

The sun-beams streak the azure skies,
And tint with light the mountain's brow;
With hounds and horns the hunters rife,
And chase the roebuck thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass,
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass*.

The goats wind slow their wonted way
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude,
By wild wolves destin'd for their prey
From desert, cave, or hanging wood.

And, while the torrent thunders loud,
And, as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

LINES,

*Written in a blank page of an Almanack Pocket-book, addressed to
the Author's Sister.*

ANNA, to you this little book I send,
Reflection's monitor, and memory's friend,

* There are passes in the Alps where the Guides tell you
to move on with speed and say nothing, lest the agitation of
the air should loosen the snows above.

For here the progress of the year you trace,
And every duty finds its proper place.
But say, what needs this monitor to you,
Whose every hour can boast employment due ;
Divided claims of infancy and age,
Your tender thoughts and useful cares engage ;
Assiduous every moment to improve
To filial duty, and maternal love.
Yet, though the gift but small regard can claim,
The page records an absent brother's name,
Who 'midst his wanderings round this world of care,
Still in your heart demands a brother's share,
If this known hand awakes affection's glow,
And memory kindles at the name below ;
If, while to rear your infant girl and boy,
A mother's tender cares your hours employ ;
If, trembling for the fate of future years,
You prove a mother's pang's, a mother's fears ;
Or, while a dearest father's bed you tend,
And anxious o'er his drooping form you bend,
Intend each kindly office to supply,
Watch every glance, and read the asking eye,
And by the balm a child alone can give,
Bid fainting nature in affection live :—
If, 'midst these tasks, warm sympathy can cheer,
And love fraternal dry the falling tear,
Then not in vain this humble gift you'll view,
And think of him, who, while he thinks of you,
Heaves the soft sigh, and breathes an ardent prayer,
That Heaven may view your love, and crown your pious
care.

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

A NEW SONG.

Tune,—Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs.

Great Britain had glory, Hibernia had fame,
For arts and for arms they were fit ;
But now we may say, to our sorrow and shame,
They are all swallow'd up by a PIT.

A Pit, &c.

Our conquests spread wide, and our enemies fled,
As a debtor would run from a writ ;
But now they prevail, and have gather'd an head,
And our spirits are sunk in a PIT.

Our commerce once flourish'd, our trade was alive,
And credit attended each cit ;
But our debts are so many, in vain we will strive
To keep our wealth out of a PIT.

Lately peace crown'd our joys, and by no foreign jar
Our coffers and pockets were smit ;
But now we are plung'd in a ruinous war,
And our glory o'erwhelm'd in a PIT.

Alas! we were foolish, for when we were well,
In quiet we scorn'd to sit ;
But now we're as miscreants sentenc'd to hell,
And hell is a bottomless PIT.

Time was, we fear'd neither Spain, Holland, nor France,
Our councils they could not out-wit ;
But of late they oppose us, and lead us a dance,
For our councils are held in a PIT.

Our blest'd Constitution with zeal we upheld,
And the force of our laws did admit ;
But the first is grown weak, and the last are so swell'd
They now centre all in a PIT.

We now may not write, we now may not speak,
If Ministers do not permit ;
Left what's said or written should cause us to squeak,
When we are shut up in a PIT.

But we hope time will come, when no more we shall be
A prey to a fleecing bandit,
And that mud, dust, and ashes, we'll joyfully see
Close the wide yawning jaws of the PIT,
The PIT;
Close the wide yawning jaws of the PIT.

K O S C I U S K O.

AN ODE.

WHY feels my bosom this unusual glow,
Why throbs my breast with griefs unknown before?
'Tis while thy fate, brave hero, I deplore,
And o'er thy country's wrongs I drop the tear of woe!

Who, *who*, great man, to thee shall raise
The monument of lasting praise?
To lofty genius does the task belong;
The grandest subject claims the noblest song!
But sure, no aid fictitious needs that verse,
Which actions, great as thine, rehearse;

Truth should the sacred strains inspire,
When virtues, such as thine, we sing;
The heart should be the muse's lyre,
And each fine feeling prove a rapt'rous string!

Methinks, sublime I see thee stand,
Indignant view th' oppressed land,
And swear revenge, and draw the sacred steel!
Then, then thy country lifts her drooping head,
Hails her deliv'rer near, and bids her tyrant dread!—

Europe applauds the patriot zeal,
That thus, by liberty inspir'd,
A nation feels each bosom fir'd,
Dares to oppose a foreign despot's law,
Whose power would keep the slavish world in awe,
And high exalted 'midst the rolls of fame,
Points to her favourite KOSCIUSKO's name!

Now vict'ry seems to crown the cause,
And gazing nations shout applause!
But, ah! barbarian myriads! see they pour
Like rushing cataracts!—Firm the hero stood,
And fought undaunted—fearless shed his blood—
To lengthen liberty, one single hour!

Then, when o'erpower'd the patriot band gave way,
His country groan'd—for freedom lost the day!
Reckless of life, he fought the grave,
The refuge of the nobly brave;
But power's resistless force pronounc'd his doom,
To mourn his country's fate within a dungeon's gloom!

Hark! hark! what shrieks of horror rise,
What calls for mercy strike the ear,
'Tis Warsaw's infants—female cries!
They cry—but no deliv'rer's near!

See, see SUARROW on th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Defenceless blood his horrid robes distain !
 Upborne aloft by death and black despair,
 I see his crimson banners shock the air ;
 I see the monster stalking o'er
 The dead, the dying, in a field of gore !
 Eager in havoc—furious to destroy,
 The cracking heart-strings give him savage joy,
 And mortal groans are music !—Turn, turn away,
 Imagination, from *that* dreadful day ;
 His name shall blot th' historic page,
 And stand the deep-fetch'd curse of ev'ry future age !

Plung'd in a prison's subterraneous cell,
 See KOSCIUSKO bid the world farewell !
 The big tear starting from his manly eye,
 Scorning obscurely *thus* to die ;
 Ev'n now he feels for those oppress'd,
 His country's suff'rings wring his tortur'd breast !
 And hope, with flatt'ring foresight, seems to say,
 " Once more I yet may see that glorious day,
 When Poland's wrongs reveng'd with brilliant fame,
 Tyrants shall tremble at her conquering name !"

As in those climes where sol's bright rays appear
 Seldom to gild the scene throughout the year,
 A sick'ning gloom o'er nature's beauties spread,
 The people mourn with grief—and walk in dread ;
 But when the sun its long-wish'd visit makes,
 Joy bursts around, and MAN the joy partakes !
 Its beams all nature's secret stores expand,
 And sheds a brilliant lustre o'er the land !

So; Kosciusko, from thy dungeon drear,
We hail thy presence,—feel thy influence here!—
Our breasts from thee shall catch a parting ray,
The sacred flame shall blaze some future day!
Mankind their wrongs no longer shall repine,
FOR FREEDOM'S GLORIOUS SUN SHALL EVERLASTING SHINE!

SEQUEL

OF THE

ADDRESS TO THE POWERS AT WAR.

(See page 41.)

CAN you arrest the lava's tide,
Cascading from the mountain's side,
That in combustion roars;
Or ocean, when the tempest raves,
And his ungovernable waves
Dash deluge on the shores?

If wild Fanaticism's zeal
Could on your ancestors prevail
To join the mad crusade,
To efforts of impassioned mind
That most can dignify mankind
Must Liberty persuade.

Greece how enabl'd to resist
Th' invasive millions of the East,
To conquer nations Rome,
The Transatlantic planters how
The parent state to disavow,
And Freedom's flag assume?

Yet as o'er slaves they tyranniz'd,
Their species' rights they sacrific'd ;
The many to the few ;
And were Republics but in name,
Exhibited by partial Fame,
As models to the view.

With them the citizens were kings,
The slaves not *persons* deem'd but *things*
Below the law's regard ;
Hence every insult, grief, and pain,
That pow'r and passion could ordain,
Th' abandon'd wretches shar'd.

BRUTUS ought to have hugg'd the chain,
Still less could WASHINGTON complain
Of Britain's stamping tax,
To Freedom's genuine feelings lost
As each of slaves possess'd a host,—
One whites, the other blacks.

But your antagonists proclaim
In syren songs a novel scheme,
Adapted to bewitch ;
At once it captivates the poor,
And will, they trust, in time allure
The worthy of the rich*.

Attentive listen to complaint,
Appease well-founded discontent,
Revise, retrench, reform ;
Sure means the diadem to guard,
Or to avert, or long retard
The fast-advancing storm.

'Tis not the Law-establiſh'd Throne,
But Oligarchy's ſway alone,
Diſcuſſion's voice alarms ;
That juſtly of reſearch afraid,
Reſorts to Superſtition's aid,
And Perſecution arms.

The Monarch's and his People's rights,
Which common intereſt unites,
Let no falſe friends divide ;
Be popularity your force,
Be population your reſource,
Proſperity your pride.

Prieſts bridle where they domineer,
They Genius curb in his career,
Except on Muſic's ground ;
The Italian, and the German too,
Atteſt the propoſition true,
And ſhine enſlav'd in ſound.

So deſtin'd to perpetual night,
By the extinction of his light,
The Goldfinch tunes his throat ;
Nature in pity helps his lay,
To recompenſe the loſs of day,
By melody of note.

For innovation men are ripe,
Where-e'er the workers of the type
Have rous'd them to reflect ;
Injuſtice feel, abuſe perceive,
In monkish legends diſbelieve,
And fallacy detect.

Try to give all some ease and weight
 That may attach them to the state ;
 The dang'rous ferment quell ;
 Disgusted lest they disappear
 To seek the happier hemisphere,—
 Not emigrant—rebel.

* * *

Kings of the Continent, adieu !
 I hitherto have counsell'd you,
 And not my native land.
 The plans she did and does pursue,
 What she in future ought to do,
 A special verse demand.

But more expedient to delay
 To probably no distant day
 The interesting scene,
 Than that more terrible and true,
 The dramatist of nature drew,
 'Twixt HAMLET and the Queen †.

From expectation to reclaim,
 And not propensity to blame,
 Past errors I repeat ;
 Come retrospective and expand,
 That miniature of sea and,
 The geographic sheet.

Survey each quarter of the sphere,
 For nautic science every where
 Your force empow'rs to range ;
 Then recollect your conduct past,
 That repisance may at last
 Effectuate a change.

Begin with Afric's fable race,
But 'twere superfluous to trace
The slave's progressive woes ;
For not Apollo's self, in verse,
So well the story could rehearse
As PITT has done in prose.

Despotic power, arch sorceress!
More drastic poisons you possess
Than Circe's magic bowl ;
She metamorphos'd but the shape,
You, that permitting to escape,
Unhumanize the soul †.

Th' impracticable task assign,
Instruct Injustice to combine
Barbarity with art ;
Not men alone forbid to feel,
But harden with no common steel
The female planter's heart ‖.

Not the coincidence of sex
That oft deserv'd chastisement checks,
Her lawless lash arrests ;
Nay urg'd by her imperious cries,
The shock'd unwilling flogger plies
The thong against the breasts.

She stands, the fury ! in delight,
Her eyes regaling with a sight
That Belzebub would shun :
Great God ! that ever woman could
See whip-extracted milk and blood
In hideous contrast run.

But th' unsuspecting negro-maid,
Whom force compelled, or fraud betray'd,
To the kidnapping knave,
Tho' bitterly she wept, when sold,
Some consolation took when told
She was a lady's slave.

Can Britons, who with shudd'ring ear
The horrible recital hear,
A speedy change dissuade;
Or balance to forego the juice,
Whose costly and too common use
Maintains the monstrous trade?

"How came (they'll cry) the candied cane
From Nature's pencil to obtain
The whiteness of the snow,
Fit but the black, or crimson dye,
Of carnage this the livery,
The habit that of woe.

From our disgusted sight begone,
Ye fragments of the luscious cone,
That sweeten bitter tea;
The blended tastes no more allure,
Unless Humanity procure,
The sugar that is free."

Your Minister though I arraign,
And loudly of the War complain
He push'd you to pursue;
Yet, Heaven forbid! I should not raise
My song to celebrate his praise,
Where praise is justly due.

Successful—ay—but yet sincere,
Such my conviction I declare,
And in the thought rejoice,
That when he pleaded for the slave,
'Twas then his noble "father's grave
" Did utter forth a voice."

Would he his pleasure then compare
With pangs that now his bosom tear,
—Thanks to the *common* cause—
Stung by the poignant parallel,
His disenchanting heart must swell,
And sigh for lost applause.

O'er that broad blank next pass your eye,
Till various islands you descry,
That cluster in the sea ;
Marks monumental that attest
To the sagacious naturalist
Earth's chief catastrophe §.

In that convulsion of the sphere
That made ATLANTIS disappear,
Vast victim of the flood !
Provok'd by elemental war,
Or pour'd from some erratic star,
The stubborn mountains flood ;

Resisted inundation's sweep,
O'ertopp'd the disappointed deep,
While the devoted plain,
Submitted to the wat'ry waste,
And uniformity effac'd
The varied, happy scene.

Here planters oft the cultur'd plains,
Swept by careering hurricanes,
With selfish tears deplore;
Persist, ye scourges, in your range!
Your dreadful ravages avenge
The captive blackamoor.

So does the putrefactive ray,—
For here how could the god of day
His course indiff'rent run?
The air the beams paternal taint,
To sicken ruffians who torment
The children of the sun.

Mistaken nations! that contend
For these distemper'd rocks, and send
Your force's choicest flow'r
The yellow fever's maw to feast,
Than German war or Turkish pest
More potent to devour!

Interrogate th' historic page
Of empires, where the unheeded sage
Bewails their falling fates,
And learn that far-extended trade,
And distant conquests, have betray'd
The most exalted states.

Some have not scrupl'd to conclude,
That more calamity than good
By navigation's wrought,
That more secure and happy he,
Whom not the nautilus, but bee
Has by example taught.

Thy wonderful discoveries
Which superficial thinkers prize,
Advent'rous GENOESE !
On Indians brought the sword of Spain;
On Africa the servile chain,
On Europe foul disease.

Nor just reproach can he escape
Who doubl'd first that stormy Cape,
And show'd the wat'ry way,
Which Pillage ever since pursues
To make of innocent Gentoos
An unresisting prey.

Ye Islands ! scatter'd in the main,
That undetected yet remain,
Devoutly Heav'n implore,
To sink, at least, mislead, the ships
Which Europe's avarice equips
To search each hidden shore.

Possession of a golden fleece
Was what first coalition'd Greece ;
Next Helen, Homer sings ;
A Cenotaph in Palestine
Against the Sultan to combine
Excited Christian kings ¶.

No such pursuits in after days
Enkindl'd war's consuming blaze,
Not ev'n a Beauty's charms ;
'Twas love of sugar, coffee, snuffs,
Tea, spiceries, and painted stuffs,
That set the world in arms :

And must, till Error's influence past,
Prevailing Reason has at last
Her favour light display'd,
Convinc'd Mankind how much *they* err,
To Agriculture who prefer
The fleeting gifts of Trade :

Or, till two rivals warfare cease,
Who listen now, thank Heav'n ! to Peace
And cordially allied,
For Europe's int'rest and their own,
The apples Discord's hand has thrown
Impartially divide.

Nor startle at the word " allied !"
Unless completely hate subside,
No good can Peace produce ;
But, with redoubl'd virulence,
Hostility must recommence,
Recruited by the truce * * .

Another and severer bout
Were worse than now to fight it out ;
And thus far argues well
He, who presumes, in his Protest,
'Tho' he had misconceiv'd the past
The future to foretell ;

Yet how, French monarchy restor'd,
Should permanence of peace afford
Not ventures to declare.
If the attempt should take effect,
I, as a prophet, too, predict
A more destructive war !

The most of Nature's favours made,
To husbandry, at once, and trade
Attention then applied,
And feuds and fears compos'd at length,
On you must fall the total strength
Which parties now divide.

Unless, from just and generous views,
Ambition's offers both refuse,
The tempting bait withstand
And, resolute Mankind to spare,
Between them Moderation share
The ocean and the land.

Allied, the globe they may direct,
And nobler purposes effect
For universal good;
And, by the welfare of mankind
Their interests promoted find,
So long misunderstood.

Both nations have, from time to time,
Heard masters of the *true sublime*
Enforce the grand advice;
But wisdom seems extravagance,
And magnanimity romance,
To shallow Cunning's eyes.

That measure had you followed, when
A rash and an abusive pen
Brought on the dire dispute,
The slaughter had been sav'd and cost,
Such that both lives and money lost
By millions men compute ††.

Irrevocable is the past,
 And o'er it let a veil be cast,
 And History implor'd
 The fatal phrenzy to omit;
 Or, if it be already writ,
 To blot out the record.

* See Mr. Godwin's Inquiry, viii. 10. 2d edit.

† See Hamlet, Act III. Scene 10.

‡ See the Odyssey, Book X.

§ See Steadman's Voyages, lately published, particularly Vol. II. p. 293.

§ See Lettres Americaines, a translation from Carli, printed at Boston in 1788, and Raynal, B. X. in the beginning.

¶ See the beginning of Tasso's Jerusalem delivered.

** See Campagnes de General Pichegru, lately published, p. 193—4. "Malgré vos intrigues, nous avons établi un gouvernement. Prenez-y garde; si la sagesse peut le diriger dix ans de suite, vous n'en avez pas pour huit ans d'existence."—"In spite of your intrigues, we have established a government. If it be directed with wisdom but for ten years, you have not eight to live."

†† Hear the temperate and sensible author of the Letters from France, printed at London 1793, Vol. IV. p. 216. "But there is another reproach of more importance to be made to Mr. Burke: it is, that, in all probability, *his predictions* and those of the writers who followed him on the same side in France, were in a great measure the causes of the evils they foretold. Mr. Burke predicted the death of Louis the Sixteenth, at a time when not a human being in France had such an idea in his mind; and the eloquent and specious description he gave of the imaginary disgrace and distress of royalty, most certainly had a considerable effect on the mind of that unfortunate prince, and still more on that of the queen and the persons of her court.—But for Mr. Burke, and his associates in France, it is highly probable Louis the Sixteenth might now have been reigning peaceably on his throne. I do not mean to accuse their intentions, but I am warranted to say, that their writings contributed at once to render the court dis-

“contented with the revolution, and the nation suspicious of the court. Of consequence, they had a great share in producing the calamities of the monarch and his unfortunate family.”

In p. 145, he had observed, “It may flatter the vanity of this fanciful writer, to know that his work has been studied by queens, and kings, and princes, and cavaliers; but this vanity will be tempered with some slight remorse, when he is assured that he is often *curst* by these deluded victims, as one amongst the authors of their misfortunes. To have injured the cause he meant to defend, was not in his intention; yet such unhappily has been the effect, which *I do not state from report*, since many in the unfortunate class of sufferers from the savage laws of national banishment, have *given me* repeated instances of the delusion.”

SONNET.

By the late Mr. MASON.

On the Anniversary of his Birth-day. Feb. 23. 1796.

In the long course of seventy-years and one,
Oft have I known on this, my natal day,
Hoar frost and sweeping snow prolong their stay,
The wild winds whistle, and the forests groan:
But now spring's smile has veil'd stern winter's frown;
And now the birds on every budding spray
Chaunt orisons, as to the morn of May:—
With them all fear of season's change is flown!

Like them I sing; yet not like them, beguil'd,
Expect the vernal bloom of youth to know;
But tho' such hope be from my breast exil'd,
I feel warm piety's superior glow,
And as my winter, like the year's, is mild,
Give praise to Him from whom all blessings flow.

R ij

CONTENT.

*" I pity the man that can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and
 " cry—'tis all barren ! And so it is ; and so is all the world, to
 " him who will not cultivate the fruit it offers."* STERNE.

Away with complaints of distress
 Induc'd by false notions of life,
 And reflect ('twill make trouble seem less)
 Th' endearment of quiet is strife :
 As the storms of the ocean, which still with alarm,
 Give a zest to the pleasures enjoy'd in a calm.

What is it gives nature its grace ;
 Why is hope the sweet source of delight ;
 Whence the charms of a beautiful face,
 Or of Phœbus dispelling the night ?—
 By *contrast* alone are their beauties display'd,
 Their colouring heighten'd or soften'd by *shade*.

So the slave, when disburden'd of toil,
 The culprit who meets a reprieve,
 The lover first bless'd with a smile,
 And the sceptic when taught to believe,
 Feel the change in their prospects hath power to bless
 In proportion exact to their depth of distress.

If griefs, then, your journey pursue—
 If flocks, herbs, and fields be laid waste,
 Recollect bitter aloes and rue
 Make honey more sweet to the taste ;
 And, around you when darkness and tempests appear,
 Think of winter which ushers the spring of the year.

TO THE RIVER CAM.

While on thy sedgey bank I pensive stray,
And mark thy ling'ring waters silent lave
Thy rows of ancient willows as they wave
Their thin pale foliage o'er thy level way,
Sternly doth mem'ry point the distant day
Which to thy favour'd seats too rashly gave
My untried youth, unskill'd the spell to brave
Of sloth's insidious smile and pleasure's dulcet lay.

Sleep on, dull stream, emblem, methinks, of those
Thy PAMPER'D SONS, who emulous no more,
The page of science as they rudely close,
Littleless and sad drag out the lengthen'd hour;
Or, if more social claims forbid repose,
With obscene jest prophane the muses' bower.

WANT, THE FRIEND OF WIT.

To form the verse that keenly cuts,
What pow'rful helps are empty guts—
And pockets without pence!
The Wit, like wildfire, shines and flies;
Each object seen around supplies
The subjects of sound sense.

How those that smart thro' Fortune's frown
Nobly the love of gold cry down,
And show what ills beset it—
The nurse of idleness and pride!
All this they say, or they're bely'd—
Because they cannot get it.

Just as the fox, that had not pow'r
 To reach the grapes, cry'd they were four,
 Because he found them scant :
 So poets, pennylers, cry down
 The love of gold in ev'ry town ;
 Yet GOLD is all they want.

Wisely to be content's a prize
 Rich folks cannot monopolise,
 Nor bad ones filch away ;
 To bad ones it is quite unknown,
 And on proud empire's golden throne
 Who finds it ev'ry day !

SONNET,

Addressed to Mr. ERSKINE, on his conducting the Prosecution against WILLIAMS for publishing the "AGE OF REASON."

ERSKINE, if aught the self-approving heart
 Receive of added honour from the muse,
 Who, while the track of virtue she pursues,
 Strives a superior lustre to impart
 To each ennobling deed, and give to fame
 The lasting record of each glorious name ;
 Would my weak muse her ready pen assume,
 And bid her softest, clearest numbers flow,
 Till, to thy name responsive, earth below,
 Air, sea, and skies, should waft the glad perfume
 Of virtue unsubdued,—of Christian zeal,
 To Heaven's high footstool, where, with many a pray'r
 For lengthen'd days, and unabated weal
 To virtue's friend, should rise the pious air.

LINES,

*Composed on a summer evening, at a small public-house, in Lansdown,
near Bath.*

PURPLED in clouds, now faintly gleams the west,
And misty twilight steals the scene away;
The toil-worn lab'rer carols to his home—
And twitt'ring birds compose their vesper lay.
But—hark! I hear the distant church-bell toll,
Sadd'ning with mournful melody the gale!
Lift; lift!—again the melancholy knell
In solemn pauses strikes along the vale.
From yonder tow'r the deathly note proclaims
Some village hind his destin'd course hath run;
Some orphan'd child, perhaps, a parent mourns—
Perhaps some widow'd mother wails her son!
Or, Friendship's sacred bands asunder torn
May o'er a kindred spirit drop the tear;
Or (more afflictive still), some faithful maid,
Perchance, may follow, sad, a lover's bier!
Such are the lessons that, to mortals giv'n,
Bid turn from earth and fix our hopes in heav'n.

EPIGRAM.

IN ENGLAND, lo! what changes pass!
Who was JOHN BULL, is now JACK-ASS.

ELEGY

By a fond Husband on his departed Wife.

SAFE in your grave, PEG, there you lie,
You're easy, love—and so am I.

 TO A VIOLET.

TRANSLATED FROM A FRENCH WORK, INTITULED "LES
MERVEILLES DE LA NATURE."

Unheeded shall the vi'let bloom and fade,
 Whom modesty keeps almost buried here;
 Afar retir'd thou seek'st the humble shade,
 The victim of the poppy's haughty sneer.

Come, lovely emblem of the heavenly mind,
 Where virtue reigns undeck'd by pomp's proud glare;
 Concealment here in vain thou hop'd to find,
 Come, artless, grace the bosom of the fair,

So virtue shuns, abash'd, the blaze of day,
 And would her beauties from the world conceal;
 But native splendour shall her charms betray,
 And odours sweet thine hiding place reveal.

 SONNET.

On the green banks, in happier days, I stray'd
 With love, who whisper'd many a tender tale,
 And the glad waters winding through the dale,
 Heard the sweet eloquence fond love display'd.

Yon purpled plain, cool grot, and arching glade,
 Ye hills, ye streams, where plays the filken gale,
 Ye pathless wilds, yon rock encircled dale,
 Which oft have heard the tender plaints I made!

Ye woodland maids, who climb the mountain's brow,
 Ye mark'd how joy once wing'd each hour so gay;
 Ah! mark how sad each hour now wears away!
 So fate with human bliss, blends human woe.

LIBERTY.

Impell'd by curfed thirst of gold,
 See harden'd Britons plough the waves,
 (Their consciences to Mammon sold)
 To make their fellow-mortals *Slaves* !
 Their prey, with savage joy, is bound ;
 Him they, unmov'd, in anguish, see
 Rolling his eyes, all wild around,
 And groaning, " O sweet LIBERTY !"
 What horrors crowd into his mind !
 What tortures feel his jetty limbs,
 In cavern dark and low confin'd,
 Or rather crush'd betwixt the beams !
 Thence dragg'd th' oppressor's lash to bear,
 (His eyes from tears scarce ever free) ;
 He cries, where none but God *will* hear,
 " O dear, O precious LIBERTY !"
 His time creeps on, his strength decays,
 His cruel lord no pity shows ;
 In sweat and blood are spent his days,
 His nights in unavailing woes :
 When nature can no more endure,
 He sinks beneath his fav'rite tree ;
 From toil releas'd, of rest secure ;
 And, dying, whispers " LIBERTY !"

JACK *Ketch* and WILL *Filch*.

A Drawer of Ropes, and a Driver of Quils,
 At a Kirk in the West, met to vote for THE BILLS.
 " JACK *Ketch*," cried Quil-driver, " the Chair ought to fill."
 " And I shall," cried JACK, " have my own wicked WILL."
 The Meeting gave both the full length of their tether ;
 And saw, with delight, KETCH and FILCH *bang* together.

 TO CONTENT.

SERENELY temper'd tenant of the shade,
 Pensively joyous, heav'nly-musing maid,
 Dart beams of patience on my busy mind;
 Teach me, like thee, to varying fate resign'd,
 In life's worst tempests with the surge to rise—
 In THOUGHT and ACTION temperately wise.
 Should FATE th' enchanting spells of LOVE destroy,
 Oh, teach me how to flight the unfaithful joy;
 Make each delusion fly its native breast,
 And the tam'd blood, unagitated, rest!
 Should my ambitious toils, my love of name,
 Earn not a WHISPER from the tongue of FAME;
 Should FRIENDSHIP steal its balmy hand away,
 Or sightless FORTUNE make me PITY's prey,
 In thy soft bosom let me seek repose—
 The pillow and the cure of all my woes!

 ODE TO THE SKY-LARK.

SWEETEST warbler of the skies,
 Soen as morning's purple dyes
 O'er the eastern mountains float,
 Waken'd by thy merry note,
 'Thro' the fields of yellow corn,
 That Mersey's winding banks adorn,
 Or green meads I gaily pass,
 And lightly brush the dewy grass.

I love to hear thy matin lay,
 And warbling wild notes die away;

I love to mark thy upward flight,
And see thee lessen from my sight:
Then, ended thy sweet madrigal,
Sudden swift I see thee fall,
With wearied wing, and beating breast,
Near thy chirping younglings nest.

Ah! who that hears thee carol free
Those jocund notes of liberty,
And sees thee independent soar,
With gladsome wing, the blue sky o'er,
In wiry cage would thee restrain,
To pant for liberty in vain;
And see thee 'gainst thy prison grate
Thy little wings indignant beat,
And peck and flutter round and round
Thy narrow, lonely, hated bound;
And yet not ope thy prison door,
To give thee liberty once more?

None! none! but he whose vicious eye
The charms of nature can't enjoy;
Who dozes those sweet hours away,
When thou begin'st thy merry lay;
And 'cause his lazy limbs refuse
To tread the meadow's morning dews,
And there thy early wild notes hear,
He keeps thee lonely prisoner.

Not such am I, sweet warbler: no;
For should thy strains as sweetly flow,
As sweetly flow, as gaily sound,
Within thy prison's wiry bound,

As when thou soar'st with lovers pride,
 And pour'st thy wild notes far and wide;
 Yet still depriv'd of every scene,
 The yellow lawn, the meadow green,
 The hawthorn bush besprink't with dew,
 The skyey lake, the mountain blue,
 Not half the charms thoud'st have for me,
 As ranging wide at liberty.

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE RIVER EMONT, CUMBERLAND.

Sweet simple stream, the shallow waves that glide,
 In peaceful murmurs, o'er thy stony bed—
 Sweet simple stream, the gleams of eventide,
 That on thy banks their mellowing colours shed,
 Besit the temper of my restless mind!
 For while I hear thy waves, and see the gleam
 Of latest eve, afar from human kind,
 To linger here, unknown, I fondly dream!
 I snatch my flute, and breathe a soften'd lay;
 Then melting, view it, as an *only friend*!
 And oft I wonder much, that while so gay,
 And all unthinking *others* onward bend,
 I here should sadly linger, and rejoice
 To hear a lone stream, or the flute's soft voice.

II.

TO LOCH-LOMOND.

LOMOND! thy rich and variegated scene,
 Fantastic *now—now* dignified, severe;
 Thy tufted underwood, of darker green,
 Thine arrowy pines, that mock the rolling year;

Thy soft diversity of sweeping bays,
Fring'd with each shrub, and edg'd with tenderest turf,
Where, as the attenuated north gale plays,
The wild flowers mingle with the harmless surf;
Thy long, protracted lake, expansive *now*,
(Boldly diversified with wood-crown'd isles)
Imprison'd *now* by rocks, on whose stern brow,
Clad with cold heath, the summer scarcely smiles—
I welcome, *fearfully!* and hail in thee
The wildest shapings of sublimity.

ODE TO CONTEMPLATION.

Now ev'ning dim appears—that much-lov'd hour
Of sweet tranquillity and rural ease;

When far afield is heard
The ploughman's simple song;

And from the bean-field sings the lab'ring bee,
Warn'd homeward, by the coming shades of night,
And dews that gently fall
On ev'ry drooping flow'r.

With Contemplation let me seek to dwell,
In wild romantic vale, or ruin dark,
Where the swift-circling bat
Flits in the twilight way.

And oft in sheep-cote near, the pleasing sound
Of warning-bell is heard; as Philomel,
In Echo's mournful haunts,
Sings her sad tale of woe.

Or if by musing mem'ry fondly led
To poor Matilda's turf of fading flowers,
Meet me in holy guise,
O, maid! rever'd by those

Who love to shed affection's hallow'd tears,
Unmark'd at night, when through the fleecy clouds,
That veil her azure sphere,
The wan moon dimly shines.

But when drear Winter saddens all the plain,
And by the cheerful fire, at close of day,
I hear the bleak winds mourn
Around my reed-thatch'd hut,

The muse my lonely hours shall oft beguile:
And thou, sweet maid, the willing mind shalt store
With pity, meek content,
And friendship's sacred law.

As night appears, big with the wintry storm,
Then shall the glimm'ring lamp, with cheering ray,
Beam o'er the neighb'ring plain,
'Or mountain's lonely side:

For oft poor travellers benighted stray,
Wide of the village path, at that dark hour,
When not a watch-dog barks,
No distant sheep-bell sounds.

Or ling'ring onward, fear that chasm's depth,
Conceal'd by drifted snow; as the cold blast
Howls through the leafless thorn,
And windings of the steep.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
JOHN ARMSTRONG, A. M.

By GEORGE DYER, A. B.

From LOMOND's light blue lake, and verdant isles,
Long-winding glens, and rude romantic woods,
And hills, that hide their summits in the clouds,
Light, as a vessel borne by western gales,
I journey'd, musing many a rural theme.
The hours I counted not, as nimble-wing'd
They circling flew, soft smiling, as they pass'd:
Thy mansion*, gentle THOMSON! I approach,
The sweet retreat of poesy and love;
Thy friendly converse, and the grateful smiles
Of fair LOUISA, cheer me, while around
Thy prattlers play.—“ Oh! may domestic bliss,”
Thus pray'd my soul, “ here fix its lasting seat.”

Then o'er poetic ground with thee I rove,
Scenes fancy-colour'd: bright before me rise
BEAUTY's rich GARDEN †: soon, a mourner pale,
I tread the VALE of PITY: till the HOUSE
Of RIDICULE pours forth her wanton tribe.
Soon circling high I climb the MOUNT SUBLIME,
Round whose bold top the muttering thunders roll,
And forked lightnings flash: with tremulous joy
The height I reach: then look triumphant down:
Till FANCY, pointing with her fairy wand,
Calls me to range her wild enchanted bowers,
'Mid visionary forms, and shadowy scenes.
Enthusiast sweet! Oh! I could wander still
With her, the muse of Spenser, and no less
Of him, ‡ who SCOTIA's fairy regions sung,

From every clime would crop some fragrant flower,
 Till Superstition, opening all her stores,
 And gazing on me with a mother's eye,
 Should bless her fondling's large credulities.

But now from Fancy's magic wilds I go
 To Nature's living green : straight I repose,
 As wont, my head, where I may best survey
 The various landscape : full before me rises
 A row of well-rang'd buildings § and beyond
 A thick umbrageous wood : down the fair vale
 The sylvan TEATH devolves her rapid stream,
 As hastening on to tell the stately FORTH,
 E'er she commix her stores, how fair a scene
 She pass'd at DEANSTON : on her sloping side
 Towers a proud castle ||, beauteous in decay:
 High on the bank it frowns, and still o'erlooks
 The modest stream, as seeming yet to boast
 Of ancient grandeur.—Here the fated eye
 Inquires no farther : thence the moral muse
 Pours forth the strain : “ Ah ! thus shall human greatness
 “ Sit like a mourner ; thus in ruins lie
 “ All that is mortal.”

Now, once more I seek
 Domestic scenes, as though to smooth the brow
 Ruffled by too much musing :—Stern-ey'd Fate !
 Say, didst thou doubt my heart's sincerity ?
 Think, that I did but moralise in song,
 A formal minstrel ? that, whene'er of death
 I ponder, thou resolvest to o'ertake me,
 And, with blood-reeking dart, to point mine eye
 To some fresh victim : “ MORTAL HERE IS DEATH”—
 I see ! I see ! while softly falls the tear ;

Yes, ARMSTRONG falls ¶, and pity drops the tear.
 Relentless Tyrant ! like a vernal flower
 I view him fall, thine easy-yielding prey :
 Blossom of early genius, blighted soon,
 Industry, like a self-destroying insect,
 Beating itself to dust ; a sacred love
 Of Freedom, like the vestal's purer flame,
 Sparkling through life, that but with life expires :
 These tell what ARMSTRONG was ; these still proclaim
 How ARMSTRONG lives in friendship's faithful breast.

But, THOMSON, let us hear the warning voice :
 " —Whatever schemes thy mind may meditate,
 " Dispatch with well-tim'd zeal ; but yet that zeal
 " Let matron prudence guide ; for in the grave
 " Satire†† shall drop the scourge ; sage history††
 " Cease to instruct ; and rapture-breathing song,
 " To silence hush'd, delight the world no more."

Deanston, Perthshire, July 26, 1797.

* Deanston, in Perthshire, the residence of Mr. Thomson.

† Alluding to the Titles of the different books in "The Paradise of Taste," a poem written by Mr. Thomson.

‡ Collins, the Poet, has written "An Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands."

§ The Adelphi Cotton Mills, near Deanston,

|| Down Castle.

¶ The Author, while at Deanston, read in the Newspapers an account of the death and character of Mr. Armstrong, who died at Leith, July 21. Mr. Armstrong discovered, at Edinburgh, an early genius for poetry ; but was known more particularly, in London, by his labours in several periodical publications. In these departments he discovered considerable talents, and to his imprudent application fell an untimely sacrifice in the 26th year of his age.

†† Mr. Thomson is author of a satirico-didactic poem, intitled, "Whist ;" and is engaged in writing "The History of Scottish Poetry."

T

LINES.

● OCCASIONED BY THE PITT AND GRENVILLE BILLS.

GRENVILLE and PITT on sporting bent,
 Each charg'd his gun, and forth they went,
 The fact you may rely on.
 (Britons! your very souls 'twill shock)
 They fir'd—and miss'd the Gallic Cock,
 But kill'd the British Lion.

WILL SHILLINGMAN'S PROTEST;

TAKEN IN THE LAST CENTURY.

A Shilling will mack,
 Truth and conscience right flack;
 And two parsons in black,
 Their dull brains on the rack,
 With a *heroine* pack,
 (Rusty rogues love a smack)
 Make nonsensical clack
 Against both law and fact;
 And their *nominee* Jack,
 With his ropes on his back,
 Just ready to tack
 His dear friends, in a crack,
 To the gallows, alack!
 The arch boy has this knack;
 And no exception WILL MACK.

EXTRACTED FROM POPE'S MORAL ESSAYS.

(New Edit. corrected and enlarged, with cuts.)

VIRGINS and WIDOWS grasp alike at power;
 Fee'd scriblers fib,—and pension'd parsons lower.
 'Tis foul corruption forms a free ***'s mind;
 Just as the hand is brib'd, the heart's inclin'd.—
 Fly you for shelter to a neighbouring Bower?
 A canting cur out-bars you in the shower.—
 Blust'ring and brutal, *Mad Tom* tinker roars;
 JOHN BOOBY boorishly locks all his doors
 Steals off great Calvin's keys, and, oh! for shame,
 Gives them in keeping to a Popish Dame!
 Heroic BESS has padlocks at command,
 And gags a Chairman with her manly hand;
 Blear sister PEG see blink, and scowl, and rave;
 While scrivener W*** sneaks an exceeding knave.

YESTERDAY.

SAY, ye studious, grave, and old,
 Tell me, all ye fair and gay,
 Tell me where I may behold
 The floating forms of—*yesterday*!
 Where's *Autumnal* plenty spread?
Winter! where's thy boist'rous sway?
 Where's the *Vernal* flow'ret fled?
Summer! where's thy—*yesterday*
 Jocund sprites of social joy,
 Round our smiling goblet play;
 Flit, ye powers of rude annoy,
 Like the ghost of—*yesterday*!

Od'rous sweets, Falernian wine,
 Hither, boy, with speed convey;
 Jcs'mine wreathes with roses twine,
 Ere they fade, like—*yesterday*!
 Brim the bowl, and pass it round,
 Lightly tune the sportive lay,
 Let the festal hour be crown'd,
 Ere 'tis lost, like—*yesterday*!

SONNET.

TO HAPPINES.

SAY, lovely Fugitive, where dost thou dwell?
 Desir'd of all, and sought thro' every scene,
 In pomp of courts, and in the rural green,
 Life's public walk, and hermit's lonely cell?
 "Thee, Goddess! sought of all, but found by few?
 We seek in vain, bewilder'd as we go;
 Tir'd of the chase, man ceases to pursue,
 And sighing says, "thou dwell'st not here below."
 Does he not after fairy shadows run?
 Follows he not some wild illusive dream,
 Like children who would catch the radiant Sun,
 Grasp at its image in the glittering stream?
 If right he sought, then man would meet success;
 For, surely, "Virtue leads to Happiness."

FINIS.

